

THE LIVING AGE.

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NEW BOOKS.

THE REBELLION RECORD: a Diary of American Events, 1860—1862. Edited by Frank Moore, Author of "Diary of the American Revolution." New York: G. P. Putnam. Part 21 contains portraits of Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, and of Col. Edward D. Baker.

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BOATING.

Our eager crew, six merry boys,
In the completest sailor trim,
Row, laugh, and talk with equal noise—
The shining eddies whirl and dim :
Beneath each oar an azure cup,
With sudden silver bubbling up.

The hinted summer thrills the scene,
Like a dear love-tale guessed, not told ;
What flutter in Earth's youthful green,
What wooing in the sun's soft gold !
For Spring but just had passed away,
Veiled in her cloud of falling May.

Fresh'ning her sister's pathway first,
With scented dawns and showy eves,
Her lily-globes of perfume burst,
Spread her rich-lying tulip-leaves ;
Her gold laburnum founts still shed
Some droppings on June's sunny head.

Alas ! this bay of lovely nooks,
The boys, contemptuous, call a pond,
Bend on the helmsman anxious looks,
Assure him of dead calm beyond—
Yet loose the sail excitedly,
For he must turn the boat to sea.

And so before our vessel's prow,
In one grand line meet wave and sky ;
Oh, this exuberant stir and glow,
The strength and the uncertainty
May well the boyish spirit win
To its own nature, so akin !

The glory of the setting sun
Rains down a dust of gold behind,
A cloud's east shadow rests upon
The harbor rocks as moves the wind.
They gloom and glorify, a true
Magnificent dissolving view.

So we float on and on, then turn ;
The boys reluctant furl the sail,
They see the beauteous waters burn,
But not the warning in the trail ;
Steer for those rocks to see the cove
Called ours by right of trésor-trôve—

A tiny inlet out of sight,
And cool behind its rugged screen,
Filled with a curious pale-green light,
That ripples through the darker green
So calm, so clear, the emerald flow,
We see the starfish move below.

The seaweed, purple, olive, red,
It might a mermaid's garden be ;
So saith a child, whose curly head
Is glassed in its transparency.
Falls but a drop from rested oar,
We mark it dimpling to the core.

Again, out 'neath a crimson sky,
With flashings of a ruby tide,
In white relief those seagulls fly,
Then a deep purple falleth wide,
The boys, enwrapt, repress their glee,
Hushed to unconscious poetry.

And, floating through the vivid maze,
That looks as liquid as the sea,
We think of ancient sacred days,
Of Jordan and of Galilee :
It broodeth like an angel's wing !
Draw in thy oars ! the boys must sing.

They choose, boylike, no plaintive hymn,
Nor suit the hour with quaint old song,
But, just aware of feelings dim,
Relieve them with a carol strong—
That floods, as with a storm of mirth,
The purple air, and sea, and earth.

Oh happy age ! With quick rebound
Their very sighs come laughing back,
They catch their oars, 'mid jocund sound
The boat turns, dancing on its track :
One whirl of motion, song and glee,
Till we stand laughing on the quay.

—All the Year Round.

THE KINGLIEST KINGS.

Ho ! ye who in noble work
Win scorn, as flames draw air,
And in the way where lions lurk,
God's image bravely bear ;
Though trouble-tried, and torture-torn,
The kingliest Kings are crowned with thorn.

Life's glory, like the bow in heaven,
Still springeth from the cloud ;
And soul ne'er soared the starry seven,
But pain's fire-chariot rode.
They've battled best who've boldest borne,
The kingliest Kings are crowned with thorn.

The martyr's fire-crown on the brow
Doth into glory burn :
And tears that from love's torn heart flow,
To pearls of spirit turn,
Our dearest hopes in pangs are born,
The kingliest Kings are crowned with thorn.

As beauty in Death's cerement shrouds,
And stars bejewel night,
God-splendors live in dim heart-clouds,
And suffering worketh might.
The murkiest hour is mother o' morn,
The kingliest Kings are crowned with thorn.

GERALD MASSEY.

From Fraser's Magazine.
THE REIGN OF TERROR.

PART SECOND.*

WHILE the Duke of Orleans was pursuing his career to its termination of dishonor, and death by the guillotine, the king, his cousin—an example of timid virtue—was moving on step by step in advance of him to that same scaffold which was to accomplish his destiny, to sever him from the tender loves of wife, sister, and children, and to leave them prisoners in the custody of a people who had learned the relish of blood, whose amusement was the torture of their prey, who knew no compunction, whose hearts were closed against all pity and all remorse.

The king's feebleness, though in his position it amounted to a vice, was not vicious. His solicitude for his queen, and his horror of shedding a drop of his people's blood, were the chief motives of his ill-considered, ill-timed concessions. These especial fears acted as shackles upon all his movements; but there was besides a natural sluggishness in his veins which made him averse to any course of action; and the queen described him well when she said,

"Le Roi n'est pas lâche—au contraire, il est impassible devant le danger, mais son courage est dans son cœur, et n'en sort pas. Sa timidité l'y comprime. Son grandpère Louis 15 a prolongé son enfance jusqu'à vingt et un ans; sa vie s'en ressent et il n'ose rien."

Her perceptions, if not extended, were vivid, and she had a just appreciation of personal character. She understood the king well; and if at times she suffered under the smart of impatience while she saw him sinking in his lethargy into the grave which his enemies were hollowing under him, that was not the feeling uppermost in her mind. As king, to her he was invested with something of the Divine right, and so far he was a part of her religion; he was the father of her children, and no mother's love was ever deeper than hers; he was her husband and her protector. When first calumny opened its vials and poured out poisonous exhalations, making of her fair beauty a leprosy to the nation; when the pertinacity of a half-insane jeweller (Boehmer) bent upon selling

his diamond necklace, in association with the devices of a depraved woman (M^{de} Lamotte), imposed upon the passion of the Cardinal de Rohan for the queen—when the cardinal, in his vanity and delirious credulity, accepted the clumsy forgeries of Madame Lamotte as truth, and fixed a stain upon the queen's good name; then, when she wept, the king stood by her side holding her hand in his, and speaking comfort. Among the schemes contrived for his flight by his friends, there were some which might have succeeded if he would have consented to escape alone, but he would not. He would not ensure his personal safety by leaving her behind, for, said he, "I know how it would be; my escape would bring vengeance upon her, and she would be torn to pieces by the populace; therefore I will not go from her." Neither would the queen consent to disguise herself and fly to the frontiers without him, though her present position was so frightful, and the hope held out so alluring, though leaving him she would leave a nation of assassins (of whose hatred she was the especial object), to find love, security, and honor in her own country. These two could neither part from each other nor from their children; the mighty malignity of a persecution which could strip them of all besides, had no power to lessen their affection. The difficulties of their unhappy attempt at escape which was intercepted at Varennes, were in great measure due to the perplexities of preparation necessary for moving so large a family secretly away all together. That he was discovered was the king's misfortune, but that he was detained was his fault. I believe that with any fire in his soul he might have met and conquered his fate, for at the moment when the royal family was first arrested at the bridge at Varennes, there were only six men to oppose their progress. It was night; the town still slept; and if the king had at once given the order to charge, his escape must have been effected; for though he had few defenders at his side, those few were loyal, armed, and mounted; they might easily have cut down the half-dozen antagonists who opposed them, and have urged on the king's postillions, and the other side of the bridge once gained, there were troops in readiness who would have ensured the safety of their road onwards. But the Count Damas looked in vain to the

* Part 1 was printed in No. 947 of *The Living Age*.

king for the order: the queen spoke, but the king would not, and the moment was lost. The old irresolution sat upon Louis and bore him down—bore down to unfathomable depths all that his heart held dear, and all the honor and all the hope of his afflicted country. M. de Damas' after life was embittered by a continual regret. He thought he should have charged for the queen without the king's command, and the horror of her fate fell upon him like a great remorse.

The king was undecided when indiction was ruin. The tocsin was rung; the sleepers were awakened; the town poured out its citizens, the national guard was summoned, and the royal carriage was dragged back from the bridge to the shop of a grocer named Sausse, a man in authority holding some small official situation. The poor king in his extremity took this man by the hands and implored him to let him go, assuring him that it would be for the good of his country—and that not he, but those who coerced him, were guilty of tyranny. The pathos of the king's appeal, and the nobility of the queen's beauty, her courage, and the sight of the children clinging to her, moved this man; but the woman, his wife, was of a harder nature, and whispered other words in his ear. He listened to her, and turned away from the king. The Princess Elizabeth, the royal children, and Maria Antoinette, were led into that sordid shop. What thoughts, what high passions were working in the queen's heart when she entered there where she was to pass the night with her defeated hope. The long-looked-for light of deliverance had been open to her for a day, and now it was so suddenly closed. Was it quite gone—might she not rise and kindle it again, or was the universe become a vast darkness? Was the whole of life to be an unutterable affliction? She could see nothing before her but calamity; the present was nothing else, the future could have nothing else in store. She looked on her boy while she sat in the hot, dusty atmosphere among the bales of goods piled in the grocer's warehouse, looked till a new impulse prompted her, and she went to the disloyal woman who was the grocer's wife, and cast herself down before her and implored her mercy—she, the pride and beauty of the

world, at whose feet a whole nation had knelt in passionate adoration.

"Feel for me," she said, "oh! feel for a woman—a wife and a mother—whose husband and children are in the last extremity of danger, and let us go."

"Well, well, well—but, you see, I also," replied M^{de} Sausse, "am a wife, and I must think for my husband. If I were to let you go, it is my opinion that M. Sausse would find himself in difficulty."

After this reply Marie Antoinette sank into silence, and passed the night gazing mutely, with fixed eyes, upon her son; but the light of morning disclosed a sign upon her brow which was like a speech of woe. The silken hair whose delicate auburn was powdered only slightly in compliance with the fashion of the time, had turned completely white. Every little pore then of the outward skin had been in sympathy with the secret passion of the soul. Nature's most hidden subtle agents had refused to work in that great despair, and the glory of the dis-crowned head was withered with the heart.

Marie Antoinette forwarded a tress of this bleached hair in a locket to the Princess de Lambelle, with this inscription—"Blanchi par le malheur."

Things then seemed at their worst; but in the downward course of sorrow or of error there is generally some instant of pause when it seems possible for the lost wayfarer to break into a better path; and such a moment was now coming for this great sufferer. In the journey from Varennes back to Paris—in the slow procession, every step of which was like a new screw turned on from the rack—in the midst of that hot throng of men pressing insult upon a woman whom it should have been their part to honor and defend—in that hour, when seated opposite to P^{thion}, afterwards mayor of Paris, she saw him treat her king and her king's sister with gross offence—in that hour when one of her body-guard was killed and mangled (for those Jacobins mangled when they killed) before her eyes, and the life of a courageous priest, who dared to bow down before the king, was savagely threatened—an unlooked-for hope showed through the gloom. The famous demagogue Barnave, one of the most influential members of the Assembly, who was placed by the side of

Péthion to guard the royal prisoners, prevented this impending murder with passionate interference. The queen turned towards him, and looked her thanks. To that look his eyes replied, moist with an emotion which could not be approved by patriots, for it was not malignant and inhuman, but tender and respectful. His hatred was extinguished. He had detested a queen whom he had not seen; he had seasoned his oratory with common scandal, defaming a character he had not known, and imputing vices to her which it was not in her nature to conceive. He saw her now as she was; he admired the majestic front which she opposed to her humiliation; he revered the maternal love, conquering pride, which quivered in her accents when she appealed to the ruffians who pressed upon her through the open carriage window. She pleaded to them that the day was very hot, and that her children were almost suffocated by want of air; but she was answered by a savage taunt, "*Nous t'étoufferons bien autrement toi.*" Tears, drowning the queenly disdain which looked so beautiful upon her lips, dropped from her eyes upon her boy's bright curls. Péthion, with his coarse insolence, had pulled those curls too rudely, and the child had cried; and now his mother held him close against her heart, and shielded him with her delicate arms.

Barnave's heart was not proof against what he saw; it was subdued to a sacred sympathy which he dared not then express, because Péthion was by his side, but which the queen perceived and appreciated. Reverence and love had been once so familiar to her, that she could not fail to know them again whenever they appeared, and in whatever disguise. Only the day before she had parted from one whose attachment to her has made his name the very symbol of true devotion, who is renowned throughout the world for one act of chivalry. The noble Swede, Count Fersen, had only yesterday made his last salutation to her, and looked his last hope for her deliverance. How well she had judged him, singling him out from the crowd who worshipped when she shone in her full glory at Versailles,—singling him out in her thoughts as something brave and true, and capable of a great deed. Now, in the hour of danger, he had come, with her salvation for his trust, and had played the great stake, and had almost won it. His

part in the drama was over before Varennes was reached, and he had thought her safe when he left her. How cleverly he had laid his schemes, how well he had acted his character of coachman, how gallantly he had driven her through the winding ways of the infernal city. But his work was ruined, and she retraced in pain and grief the road of hope. When she reached the Tuileries and left her carriage, the populace were gathered round in a huge mass, black, gloomy, threatening, like a thunder-cloud. The flash of weapons would have been less formidable than the low mutterings and scowling looks which foretold some unknown horror. An order went forth that no hat should be lifted, and this command of marked contempt of the royal presence was accompanied by menaces against any who should dare to disobey it. But one man found courage to brave the edict. He lifted his hat from his head as the queen passed, and then flung it far away with a vigorous throw, so as to avoid the chance of having it forced upon his head. He ran a great risk. The mob might have fallen upon him, and have torn him to pieces; for though La Fayette was there with his national guard, he had sufficiently shown on the 6th of October that he was either unable or unwilling to repress popular outrage, and his presence, therefore, could never be viewed as a protection. But this populace of Paris, bloodthirsty and pitiless, rarely subdued by the sense of humanity, was on several occasions overawed by some single example of true courage, and so it was in this case. The man was looked at with astonishment, and left unmolested.

As Marie Antoinette entered the palace, she whispered to her sister-in-law, the Princess Elizabeth, "In that deputy Barnave I think we have a friend."

She was right. While Madame Roland and her associates met together, exulting over the capture of M. and Mme. Veto (the familiar names then in vogue for the king and queen), one of their own side, one of the most distinguished and oratorical of patriots, was secretly adoring the fallen idol, and scheming for her deliverance; he who had suspected and denounced the apostasy of Mirabeau was following in the perilous track which Mirabeau had opened, and which every advancing step found narrower and steeper. In combination with the Lameths, Barnave

strove to frame such a constitution of limited monarchy as should in its conditions prove tolerable at once to a nation in rebellion, and to a monarch who was their nominal sovereign, but their actual prisoner. Barnave was a brave man attempting an impossibility: he failed, as others had failed before him. And it could not be otherwise. With a nation determined on the destruction of the king, and the king not determined on his own salvation, it was evident how things must proceed. A ruler with a strong arm might possibly have upheld the monarchy in its modified condition, even at this juncture, but a strong-armed ruler could not possibly have come to such a pass, and the king's descent was precipitated by an irremediable act of folly on the part of those whose desire was to serve him. The resolution, suggested either by timidity or a mistaken notion of magnanimity, that the members of the present Constituent Assembly should not be re-eligible for the next, is too well known, with its fatal consequences, to need much comment here. It opened the way to all disorder; whatever good had been done was thus blotted out at one stroke; and the election of the new members, known as the Girondins, so named from the department they chiefly came from, was the signal for the work of devastation to begin again. They were obscure men up to that time; for the most part mean, pedantic attorneys, and as a body, theirs was the most contemptible that ever directed the government of a great country. They had no experience of public life, no training to fit them for the statesman's office. They endeavored to replace their ignorance of life by a laborious study of the history of Rome; and according to their narrow views a Roman Republic was the only form of government in which prosperity and virtue were possible. To achieve a Roman republic out of such materials as were still left coherent in the perishing constitution of the French government, was a work of difficulty so great that it seemed better to begin by total destruction, and trust to their wits to build a new edifice on the classical model. They vied with each other in the progress of annihilation, for they were vain men, and each was ambitious to be most distinguished in the work; there were suspicions and jealousies between them; they were afraid of

each other, and their worst acts of cruelty were the results of a rank cowardice. One part of their object they compassed,—they were successful in destroying; but they did more than they intended when they destroyed themselves. In their attack upon the throne, they cast away justice, honor, religion, and righteousness, as clumsy encumbrances, like the sand which the aeronaut throws out from his balloon when he soars striving after unknown heights; and when at last they fell to earth, or to a region below it, they stared aghast in the great shock, and bewailed the loss of those things which their own hands had flung to the winds. They ranted about Brutus (the assassin), and played antique Romans like a bad provincial company. Among them all there were only two men who had the true gift of eloquence,—a fatal gift in such hands. The one was Vergniaud, distinguished as an orator; the other, Camille Desmoulins, whose strength was in his pen. Vergniaud was sonorous and persuasive; Desmoulins was brilliant and satirical. He had in him an irony like that of Mephistopheles; he was a cruel-hearted man, who stung when he killed; he relished murder when it was seasoned with a jest; he had an epigram for every head that rolled from the scaffold; he understood how to place his victims in a ludicrous position; and he could make even their dead bodies play out a comic scene. The influence of the press at this time in Paris was enormous, and the paper under his direction, the *Révolution de France*, was one of the most powerful instruments of wrong. His lampoons, his libels, his profane ribaldry directed against the queen, used greatly to entertain Madame Roland, and he was one of her esteemed friends. But she thought differently of his powers when, at a later day, his wit played upon and polluted her own reputation. He was one who could “mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;” but the day came when his mocking was silenced forever—when one head was severed by the axe for which he had no epigram prepared—when he saw tears fall which he had no sarcasm to arrest—when he saw the people whom he had instructed in the ingenious use of derision as an instrument of torture, jeering at the last pangs of the one creature he loved on earth—when his wife, Lucille, tender and beautiful, per-

ished by the guillotine before his eyes. He followed her; for the first time failing to smile at the sight of the executioner.

The faith with which the new constitution was ushered in was a delusion, and amidst the admiring acclamations of the people who had insulted and wronged them, the sovereigns heard still the undertones of menace, and knew that the cannon then rolling out their thunders in applause might speak to them with a different meaning at another hour. They walked on thin ice; there was only a frail partition between them and the deep waters; and when the king left the Assembly, after receiving his congratulations on his position as monarch of this new constitution from the president, who kept his seat while he addressed him—when escorted to his palace with the loud shouts of the populace, the roar of artillery, and the joyous sound of military music, he joined his queen, who had been a spectator of the scene, and who was sitting silent and thoughtful in her own apartment—his face was so pale that she started at the sight of it. He sank into a chair and wept.

It was by her friends thought desirable that Marie Antoinette should now show herself frequently to her subjects, and she was persuaded on one occasion to accompany her family to the Comédie Italienne. Mrs. Elliott, whose *Memoirs* I have alluded to in a former number, was present on this evening, and gives an account of the scene which then took place:—

"I was there," says Mrs. Elliot, "in my own box, nearly opposite the queen's, and as she was so much more interesting than the play, I never took my eyes off her and her family. The opera given was '*Les Evénemens imprévus*,' and Madame Dugazon played the soubrette. Her majesty from her first entering the house seemed distressed. She was overcome even by the applause, and I saw her several times wipe the tears from her eyes. The little dauphin, who sat on her knee the whole night, seemed anxious to know the cause of his unfortunate mother's tears. She seemed to soothe him, and the audience appeared well disposed, and to feel for the cruel situation of their beautiful queen. In one of the acts a duet is sung by the soubrette and the valet, where Made. Dugazon says,—

"*Ah! comme j'aime ma maîtresse.*"

As she looked particularly at the queen at the moment she said this, some Jacobins leapt upon the stage, and if the actors had not hid Made. Dugazon, they would have murdered her. They hurried the poor queen and family out of the house, and it was all the guards could do to get them safe into their carriages."

This was the last time that the queen ever appeared in public. The show of hope was dissolving; the monarchy and its representatives were rapidly sinking. Marie Antoinette's imagination turned fondly to the frontiers. She thought of her friends among the emigrants, of the Count d'Artois who was dear to her as a brother, and of her own kindred. She thought that they must soon bring help. She relied on them, but they were the origin of her worst perils, and the source of her most grievous calamities.

Barnave saw where her trust was placed, and knew that it never could be fulfilled. He saw his own counsels for the formation of the royal household and the king's guard disregarded. He would have filled these places with men of the popular side, like himself, still attached to the throne, but this suggestion was not accepted. The queen's position, between the king's shiftings of purpose, the sullen bigotry of the *côté droit*, and the aggressive movements of the Girondin party, was most unhappy. She personally esteemed Barnave, but his power was not equal to his wish to serve her, and other voices influenced the Assembly. He had done his utmost, and he came to take his leave. Their last interview was trying to her. He expressed to her the ardor he had felt in her service, and the regret with which he left her in so perilous a position. He told her that if her hopes were with the emigrant princes and their allies, she was nursing a delusion, and urged upon her again his views for the safety of the interior. He told her that his task was over, and that he left her neither in fear nor in anger. He only went away because he saw that he could no longer be of use. He had served no personal interest in serving her. He was proud to think that he had run a great risk for her sake. He came to bid her adieu, perhaps forever, and he asked only one reward—this was, the permission to kiss her hand.

The queen's resolution struggled vainly against her emotion while she heard these words; and when she gave him her hand, her tears fell fast, fell over his hand and her own while they were for a moment linked together, and so they parted. She cherished the recollection of his sacrifice and of his remorse, not of his injustice. Made. Campan found her weeping bitterly after his departure, and his name was often dwelt on in the dark hours of distress by Marie Antoinette and the Princess Elizabeth with grateful affection. They were spared the knowledge of his fate. It was on the 29th October, 1793, after the date of the queen's execution, that he paid the penalty of his virtue with his head. He was thirty-two years of age when the guillotine ended his eventful life. He had faced the probability of such a termination to his career; he knew what his peril was when he entered on his new path, and his death was worthy of his repentance.

The queen strained her eyes to discern deliverance advancing from Coblenz; but it was ruin, not success, that was marching onwards. The loud-sounding threats of the emigrants and their allies furnished the revolutionists with their only plea for violence. The Girondins found in the menaces from foreign shores a pretext for aggressions. It was their policy continually to propose measures which must compel the king to use his veto, and then to force him to withdraw it. The king, conscious of the difficulties that surrounded him, and without strength to face them, fell into a deep despondency; for ten days he sat speechless, never addressing a word either to his sister, his children, or his wife. The queen saw in this helpless dejection a worse calamity than all that had preceded, and fell upon her knees before him, passionately entreating him to speak to her. She appealed to him with caresses and with exhortations: her eloquence came from her heart. The king put his arms round her and spoke; and this, for her, was a moment of rejoicing wrung from anguish.

Increasing perplexity and fears too well founded, threw the king into the arms of a patriot ministry, of which Dumouriez and Roland were the most conspicuous members; very different men, widely separated as to their genius and their actual opinions, but thrown together for the present by the force

of circumstances. Dumouriez, bred as a courtier, had gone through many phases before he became a minister of the king and a general of the Revolution. Though associated with the Girondins, he watched their movements with suspicion. His views were for a limited monarchy. The limits to the regal power were already drawn too close, and he saw a system of continual encroachment threatening the existence of the little that was left. He discerned the low personal vanities and ambitions of the Gironde, and viewed with contempt their ostentatious parade of would-be Roman virtue. They looked pitiful and ridiculous to him with the costume of classical sentiment in which they dressed themselves; and on the other hand they, and especially the wife of Roland, recognized, with envious distrust, his superior genius and popularity. He was a man misplaced by destiny, whom republicanism and royalty viewed with equal distaste. The queen was afflicted, not gratified, when he knelt to her, kissing her hands, and assuring her of his devotion; and she expressed to her friends her doubts of his sincerity. But when she and her husband came into closer contact with him, they learned to believe him, and some of his counsels were followed. He saw for the king but one chance of salvation: it was to become the chief of the Revolution, to guide and protect it against foreign opposition, and to regulate the movement by heading it. It was with this view that he persuaded the king to declare war against Austria; a measure which obtained for him a short-lived popularity, but which on the whole sunk his character in the eyes of the nation, because it was dishonest. While Louis protested with his lips against Austrian interference, his heart was yearning for it, and secret letters to the Austrian court contradicted his open speech. He could only be forgiven by the Royalists upon the supposition that he was acting under coercion; he could only be despised by the Republicans, who forced the lie upon him. The populace clamored their applause one day, and their suspicions the next; and the king, blown by diverse winds, found not an instant of rest. He had neither the vigor, the craft, nor the consistency for carrying out a lying policy, and the queen had too much integrity for a system of fraud. "Monsieur," she said to

Dumouriez, with that candor which on several occasions acted upon her enemies like a defeat, "vous devez juger que ni le Roi ni moi ne pouvons souffrir toutes ces nouveautés de la constitution. Je vous le déclare franchement." The severe decrees against emigrants and priests, continually urged, demanding the king's sanction, were still answered by his veto: he remained constant in his refusal to condemn the brothers of his blood and the ministers of his religion. Dumouriez, unable to persuade him to do this violence to his principles, his affections, and his faith, took leave of him, and went to the defence of the French frontiers against the advancing foreign forces. With sorrow he bade farewell to his sovereigns, for he had conceived a personal attachment for them, and he saw the fire kindling which was to consume them.

Meanwhile, Madame Roland had done a great wrong. Foreseeing the dismissal of the patriot ministry as a necessity for the king, she had drawn up a threatening letter to be read to him by her husband, which was afterwards to be recited to the Assembly, and was to serve as an act of inculpation for the monarch and of justification for the minister. It was an insulting, cowardly letter. I extract here some of its choicest phrases.

"La déclaration des droits est devenue le nouvel évangile. La liberté est désormais la religion du peuple. Les opinions ont pris l'action de la passion. . . . Donnez des gages éclatants de votre sincérité. Par exemple, deux décrets importants ont été rendus; tous deux intéressent le salut de l'Etat. Le retard de leur sanction excite la défiance. Prenez y garde: la défiance n'est pas loin de la haine, et la haine ne réculé pas devant le crime. Les prêtres dépossédés agitent les campagnes: ratifiez les mesures propres à étouffer leur fanatisme. . . . Encore quelques délais, et on verra en vous un conspirateur et un complice. Je demande qu'il y ait ici un secrétaire du conseil qui enregistre nos opinions. Il faut pour des ministres responsables un témoin de leurs opinions; si ce témoin existait, je ne m'adresserais pas par écrit à votre Majesté."

Vergniaud, when he saw the rough draft of this document, protested against it as an act of dishonor. Dumouriez condemned it as an unmanly outrage (it was a womanly one), and a treachery. Roland himself hesitated. His close approach to the monarch

had shown him a man of temper so gentle, and views so tolerant, that he had found himself unable to copy his wife in her implacable hatred. He had ventured sometimes even to say that he discerned domestic virtues in both his sovereigns; but when he spoke so, his lips were closed by the feminine hand. He was told that he was a fool, who suffered insidious tyrants to impose upon him; and he was adjured to call up his Roman virtue, and remember Brutus.

The woman's counsel prevailed, and the letter was read to the king, who listened to it in silence, as one too much accustomed to outrage to break into indignation. It was afterwards declaimed to the Assembly, who received it with applause, and welcomed the minister who was courting their favor by a stab at the falling monarch, as if he had been a martyr sacrificed by a tyrant. This letter was made one of the grounds of accusation against the king at his trial. Afterwards Madame Roland was guilty of a yet worse suggestion, inviting within the walls of Paris the presence of 1500 armed ruffians from Marseilles—for they were nothing else—brigands, ferocious and hungry, ready for any act of violence, with fire, famine, and slaughter in their thoughts, and a cry of patriotism on their tongues, which meant pillage and assassination. It was Madame Roland who proposed to her friend Barbaroux (a native of Marseilles) the summons of this wild southern horde to assist in the demonstration of the 10th of August. The hideous deeds which followed the events of that day were principally committed by these agents. Their hands were strongest, their knives were sharpest, in the September massacres and in all the massacres that came after. It was no matter whose head guided them then; they were instruments made for such work, and those who first called in their assistance knew it.

The painful necessities of a revolution was a grand phrase in the mouths of the patriots, and they sometimes called in the aid of poetry to adorn their sentiment. M. Ternaux quotes a pretty couplet in illustration of their gifts in this line:—

"Le devoir le plus saint, la loi la plus chérie,
Est d'oublier la loi pour sauver la patrie."

Such wretched stuff as this passed for inspiration at that time.

The approach of the 10th of August was felt by the victims before it came, and preparations were going on at the Tuileries for the defence of the throne against the coming onslaught. Futile preparations! It was well understood by all sides that a great final attack was to be made upon the throne. The assault was no longer to cover itself under the disguise of a petition; it was no longer the passing of any special decree that was clamored for, but the abolition of the veto, which meant the annihilation of the monarchy and the monarchs; for Mirabeau had spoken truly when he said of the queen, "*J'aime à croire qu'elle ne supporterait pas la vie sans sa couronne, et ce dont, je suis bien certain, c'est qu'on ne lui laissera pas la vie si on lui ôte la couronne.*" More than once before the day came the unhappy victims started up in the middle of the night, waked by some unaccustomed noise, and imagining that the conflict had begun. On one occasion, when the king and the princess were thus roused, they dressed themselves and stood ready, but suffered the queen to sleep on. "Shall I wake her?" asked Mme. Campan. "No," said the king, looking at her in her slumber, with compassion; "no, let her taste these few moments of forgetfulness: she has enough to suffer. Let her rest. Ses peines doublent les miennes." But when the queen woke, she reproached her attendants, and wept. "Elizabeth était près du Roi," said she, "et je dormais; moi qui veux périr à ses côtés. Je suis sa femme, et je ne veux pas qu'il coure le moindre péril sans moi."

There was peril enough. The queen was ready to meet it with lofty intrepidity, the Princess Elizabeth, with pious prayer: her hand was clasped in Marie Antoinette's, her looks were directed to heaven. For her brother, for his home, for his wife and children, she had rejected splendid offers of marriage: she preferred sitting on the steps of their throne in the days of their glory to filling a throne of her own. In her youth and beauty she was one of the fairest ornaments of their prosperity, and now, clinging to them in their sorrow, she was an unfailing support. With all her heart the queen loved her; and these hours of protracted anxiety were softened while they were shared with her and with the Princess de Lamballe. The queen still looked with fevered longing

towards the frontiers. She had resolutely rejected the intervention of La Fayette. La Fayette had protested against the insurrection of the 20th of June. He had left his soldiers at Maubeuge, and had come alone to address the Assembly in a tone of remonstrance. He had been laughed at for his pains, and threatened with impeachment. He had repaired to his sovereigns, and proposed a scheme for their deliverance, which was to place them under the protection of his army. The queen would not hear of it. This was the man who had determined her fate by permitting the first attack on her palace, for a man in authority who does not resist permits. This was the pitiless watchman whose superintendence had been most galling to her womanly feelings. He was her personal enemy; and she also remembered Mirabeau's emphatic warnings against him: "*Déjétez vous de M. de La Fayette, si jamais il commande l'armée il voudra garder le Roi sous sa tente;*" and so she said rather death than the protection of such a man, for which she has been blamed; but I think that La Fayette's private communications with his friend La Colombe, and his whole mode of action, from 1789 up to the present time, amply justify her decision. "En fait de liberté," said he to La Colombe, "je ne me fie ni au Roi ni à personne et s'il voulait trancher du souverain je me battrais contre lui comme en '89." I do not believe that any better motive directed his present proceeding than a disappointed egotism. Events had not marched according to his orders, and he was angry. His day was done; and Robespierre and Danton were seated on that throne of popularity which he had intended to win for himself. His best chance for raising himself into importance was to take the royal family under his charge, but that chance the queen cut off; and so his feeble light was snuffed out, his poor part was played, and he had to fly from the rage of the people whose favors he had meanly courted, while the unhappy monarchs had nothing left but to await the event of the 10th of August. On this event M. Ternaux throws some new light: "*Les seuls documents,*" says he "*que les historiens aient consulté jusqu'à présent sont tronqués, mutilés, falsifiés à plaisir. Le mensonge officiel fabriqué par une seule plume peut tromper l'histoire. La chose est plus difficile*

si les menteurs sont multiples. Or, pour la nuit du 10 Août le mensonge eut quarante nuit organes dans les quarante huit sections de Paris."

There was not a complete unanimity among the sections of the capital, there was not any tremendous assault on the palace, any desperate conflict, or any vast engagement; on the contrary, several of the sections protested against the violation of the constitution, and many citizens wished well to the cause of order.

Mandat, Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard, was faithfully attached to the monarchy, and was a brave determined officer, but unhappily his powers were too limited for what he had to do, and he could not act independently of that traitor, Péthion, who was Mayor of Paris. I refer my readers for a detailed account of the proceedings of the 10th of August to Book vii. vol. 2, of M. Ternaux's work, while I pause upon the position of M. Péthion on this occasion—I think the meanest position that any man ever occupied. As one of the Gironde he was naturally a conspirator and an insurrectionist, but as Mayor of Paris he was ostensibly the defender of law and order; and in order to fill both posts with a show of decency, a good deal of contrivance was necessary. Between him and his friends, with this view, a clever little scheme was concerted. He was to retreat to the Mayoralty, and to be detained there by a show of force, and a guard of honor was to be sent to keep him in safe custody: an account of his feelings in this critical situation is to be found in his own writing. "Je désirais l'insurrection," he says, "mais je tremblais qu'elle ne réussit pas. Quoiqu'on eut projeté de me garder chez moi on tardait à le faire. Qui croyez-vous, qui envoya par plusieurs fois presser l'exécution de cette mesure? C'est moi—oui, c'est moi!" He was not suffered, however, to remain quiet in this retreat. While hurrying steps to and fro, strange meetings of armed men, clamorous voices of orators addressing patriotic friends, and a general movement in the direction of the Tuileries, indicated the tempest gathering to a head, urgent appeals from Mandat, from the sections, and from the municipality, showed Péthion that his situation was becoming suspicious, and he found himself forced to abandon it, and to repair to the

Tuileries, which he did with considerable reluctance. Here the king addressed him with his accustomed bluntness. "Il paraît qu'il y a beaucoup de mouvement?" "Oui, sire," replied Péthion, "la fermentation est grande," and he added some worthless flowery phrases about his devotion, and his determination to protect the royal family, for which the king thanked him with simple good faith. Péthion did not altogether relish these thanks, and turned towards the door, saying that he must go away to examine the posts, etc.; but while he stood in the doorway he was confronted by Mandat. The frank soldier fixed a scrutinizing look on the double-dealing magistrate, and asked him how it was that cartridges were denied to the National Guard, and issued to the Marseillais. Péthion equivocated; Mandat persisted. Finally, the general cut the dialogue short with these words: "Je n'ai que quatre coups à tirer, mais c'est égal; je reponds de tout; mes mesures sont bien prises." Upon this, Péthion, wincing, turned to Roederer, and said, "Suppose we take a turn in the garden, for the atmosphere is very close here." On leaving the palace his steps were directed stealthily towards the Assembly, for he hoped for a decree of arrest from that friendly body, but there were not yet members enough collected to pass such a resolution; and he found himself obliged, for the sake of appearances, to go back once more to the Tuileries. Meanwhile, a deputation of his personal friends proceeded to the Assembly, and there asserted that they knew the life of the Mayor of Paris to be in danger, and that he was kept a prisoner at the palace. A vote of requisition was then passed, and an order signed for his immediate appearance at the bar of the Assembly. But he was condemned to hear some words of truth from an honest man's lips before this order was acted upon. While he was sauntering along the terrace of the Tuileries, he was accosted by one of the National Guard with ironical congratulations on his exertions in the cause of order. This tone of irony was followed by one of open reproach, and Péthion found himself publicly accused of encouraging sedition, and of being a tool in the hands of Santerre. He was frightened. He stammered, he hesitated. "Monsieur, qu'est ce que cela veut dire vous oubliez le respect.

Ah, voyons, entendons nous." He was conducted to the palace, and requested to go up to the royal apartments, but at the foot of the great staircase he was met by the deputation bringing the order he longed for; and he obeyed the summons with alacrity, and soon reposed in security in the affectionate bosom of the Assembly.

The sound of the departing wheels of this man's carriage brought the Princess Elizabeth to the window of her apartment. That sun was rising then with whose sinking all was to go down that she cherished and honored. Struck with the fine pageant of this birth of light, she called Marie Antoinette to her side. "Venez donc, ma sœur, voir l'aurore," and the queen came and stood by her and looked out at the red dawn that was opening on her destruction.

With the tender Lamballe, with her sister-in-law, and a few devoted attendants, she awaited her ruin, not without an effort to avert it; and had things depended upon her without the king, she might, even in the face of a republican ministry and disaffected troops, have done it. But she was the king's wife, not the queen. She understood her position, and she described it to her friends.

"Un mot énergique," said she, "de sa bouche (the king's) en ce moment à la garde nationale, entrainerait tout Paris. Il ne le dira pas. Pour moi, je pourrais bien agir et monter à cheval s'il le fallait, mais ce serait donner des armes contre lui. On crierait à l'Autrichienne. Une Reine dans ma situation doit se taire et se préparer à mourir."

But her high nature was not capable of inaction at such a crisis. Within the palace walls she was yet a queen, greater with her proved courage, more commanding in her spectral beauty, than in the glow and glitter of her youth. Some of the French nobility, old men for the most part, had left repose and redeemed the credit of their caste by forming a troop to defend royalty at this critical hour, or to do the last honor to its obsequies.

The queen was sensible of their chivalry, and addressed them with looks and words which sent new blood into their veins. Their swords flashed from their sheaths, and they swore an oath of deep devotion. Sympathy with their enthusiasm brought a

transient flush to the queen's face, lighting up its wasted beauty, and a sense of power animated her steps. She took her sister with her, and they moved on together through the long corridors of the palace. The queen's penetrating glance singled out the faithful among her defenders, and its recognition of their worth kindled in their hearts. There were some even of the less loyal who were then strangely stirred by the grandeur of her presence and her hope. But no sooner did the unfortunate king show himself than the whole work was undone. He had been lying on his bed, exhausted by suffering, and had fallen asleep. He had during the last days shut himself up for many hours alone, with his prayer-book and the *History of Charles I. of England*, meditating on death, preparing his soul for its passage to another world. He was ready to die, but not to combat. His arms fell nerveless by his side; his attitude was that of a defeated man. He stumbled as he walked; and his wig, owing to his late recumbent posture, was flattened on one side. The French are particularly sensitive to appearance, and the queen's quick glance perceived the effect that his aspect produced. She re-adjusted his dress before he went to pass in review the troops outside the palace, and sat at the window watching his progress. Cheers at first, but they were changed as he went on; then came discordant sounds, a cry of, "Vive la nation, à bas le roi!" and angry words exchanged between loyalists and republicans among the national guards. At last the king returned, pursued by a grenadier, who attempted his life, and hooted by the men appointed to defend him. The queen at that bitter sound fell back into the arms of her sister.

"Grand Dieu," she cried, "on hue le roi."

When he reached her apartment, she clasped him in her arms. He was alive, and that was something; but the cruel clamor still rung in her ears and in her heart, and she looked at the king, and felt that the cause was lost. Her children were with her. She had waked them herself at early dawn, that they might not be too rudely startled from their sleep by the attack on the palace, and they were clinging to her. What was to come next? A heavier blow. The energy of General Mandat,

the constancy of the Swiss, and the chivalry of their personal friends, these were the supports on which royalty had to lean. But Mandat was suddenly suspended in the course of his duty, was summoned to the Council of the Commune at the Hôtel de Ville, was there subjected to a sharp interrogatory, legally conducted, and was acquitted; but as he was about to depart, he was seized by the members of a self-erected tribunal sitting in a contiguous apartment in the same building, and calling itself the Commune Insurrectionnelle, was convicted by them of treason against the nation on account of his orders for the defence of the Tuileries, was dismissed to the prison of the Abbaye with a view to his perfect safety, was dragged out of prison by some assassins who understood the meaning of that perfect safety, and who blew out his brains. This death paralyzed what little nerve the king had; it seemed that whatever he relied on was to sink from under him, and that it was his terrible destiny to bring disaster upon all his adherents. Better give himself up, he thought, than see the murder of more such men. Santerre was elected commander of the national guard in Mandat's place. The temper of the men in power was proved by this assassination; the temper of the national guard had shown itself in his miserable attempt at a review; the sections and the Marseillais were moving on towards the palace; the attack was closely impending; there was knocking at the gates; there was noise, agitation, and alarm; the queen was ready to face it all. The blood of Marie Thérèse glowed at the thought of a righteous defence against unjust assault and an enormous tyranny. She was ready to do or die, and to die a brave death. But the king's counsellor, Roederer, was a republican, and his advice was to surrender. According to his views that was the right course. He saw no other means of personal safety for the king, and he saw nothing worth saving but the king's life. He did not believe there would be a sufficient defence for the palace. Several of the troops were disloyal, and there was no loyal general now to lead them on. The Marseillais and the people were pressing on to the attack. The king listened. The old horror of bloodshed crept over him. He

believed he should be guilty in holding out. Roederer advised him to throw himself upon the protection of the Assembly. That honorable body was respected by the populace, and would receive him with generous magnanimity. Strange that the king should think it. Mandat's death might have taught him what their authority or their generosity was, but the advice suited with the feebleness of his character, and once again he determined to yield to the pressure which he should have resisted to the last drop of his blood. The queen stood between him and Roederer for a moment, but Roederer got the better. Roederer protested that in this course alone there was safety for the mother and her children, and the king said, "*Marchons*," and rose to move on to the Assembly. That "*Marchons*" sounded like a death-warrant in the queen's ear. She felt its full significance. She saw the crown trampled upon, and the chivalry of her true adherents wantonly sacrificed. Her heart longed to rise and act, but her duty was to obey.

"*Marchons!*" said the king.

The queen hid on the shoulder of Lamballe the shame that reddened for a moment a face grown white with sorrow, and then she followed her husband. She held the little dauphin by the hand; her thoughts were full of trouble and sad foreknowledge. She saw a crime in this desertion of the throne, and she guessed what its penalty was to be; but it was her part to go with the king, and she went.

"Make way for the royal family," said Roederer, addressing the gathering crowd, as they left the palace. "The royal family is proceeding to the Legislative Assembly—make way."

A passage was opened for them. They moved on along the great walk of the Tuileries, and then turned to the right down the alley of chestnuts. In that hot summer the parched leaves had fallen from the trees prematurely. The king observed it, while his son played among them with the thoughtless gayety of childhood. The queen looked at the bare branches stripped of their honors, and sighed. Hers were withered too, and would not come back with another spring.

So it was that on the 10th of August, 1792, the king gave up his crown, and de-

sented his post, not overcome by a hot siege, not vanquished by a courageous enemy, but frightened at the approach of bullies, panicked at the sound of menace, persuaded by a republican adviser to leave his throne empty and his defenders at the mercy of the people, knowing well what that mercy was.

From the Assembly, when the sound of firing reached him, he despatched an order to the Swiss guards, who stood true to their posts at the Tuileries, and who had just repulsed the mob, to evacuate the palace, and afterwards another order to lay down their arms and return to their barracks. These orders were obeyed, and the Swiss marched defenceless through the Tuileries gardens. There they were shot down in large numbers by the national guard in cold blood, and others of them were thrown into prison, and left to be massacred in the famous four days of September. The Swiss were shot down in the Tuileries; the insurrectionary tumult was in the Place Carrousel; there was no great defence, there was no great fight; very few lives were lost on the revolutionary side; and the excesses that were committed in its triumph must be put down under the head of pillage and murder.

Power was to shift again into other and worse hands. The Girondins saw their friend Robespierre, whom they had long viewed with suspicion, rising while they sank. His speeches at the Jacobin Club upon the 9th of August had been significant. "*What,*" he had asked, "*was to come after the king? There must be one great representative of the people. In the most palmy days of Rome there had been dictators.*" It was easy to see where his thoughts were; it was easy to see that he was to play the part of Aaron's serpent. But the rest who were to play that other part of being swallowed objected to their fate, and struggled. They struggled in vain. Robespierre was a man of ability, without scruples and without pity, and had a definite intention. He was ambitious, treacherous, cruel, and a coward. He worked stealthily, but consistently. He saw in Danton a rival, while he embraced him as a friend. They acted ostensibly together, but each was bent upon the other's destruction. While these two powers were in the ascendant, vying with each other in the race for popular favor, insurrectionary communes, revolutionary tribunals, commit-

tees of public safety, were set up between them, whose law was the superseding of all law, whose officer was the Guillotine. Marat, l'ami du peuple, was brought forward into the light, hitherto having carried on his murderous work obscurely enough. He had a real avowed love of bloodsucking; he liked to see the bleeding bodies of men, women, and children; he took a positive pleasure in hacking his fellow-creatures to pieces; so that when Danton, on the 2d of September, at the news of the taking of Verdun and the advance of the foreign armies, rang the tocsin and hung out the black flag, proclaiming his country in danger, and gave the order for troops of assassins to enter all the prisons of Paris, there to do indiscriminate murder, in order to strike terror to the foe, and to surpass any act of his formidable rival, Robespierre, he was also providing an especial entertainment for his friend Marat.

Madame Roland's chosen army of Marseillais showed their use, too, and made great play on those four days of uninterrupted massacre. Roland wrote protests against these proceedings. They were feeble and pedantic like himself. Madame Roland recoiled from the work she had brought about, for it threatened her own party. She saw that Robespierre intended to reign alone, that Danton was the only power of sufficient weight to contend with him, and that their common object was the destruction of every other human influence. Robespierre perceived an act of rivalry in Danton's September massacres; he disapproved them, and signified his disapprobation to his favorite disciple, the fanatic St. Juste; but he took no measures to stop the proceeding, and therefore, though not the perpetrator, he must be regarded as an accomplice in the act. Nor can it be supposed that humanity was ever a strong motive with the man who afterwards consigned the whole of the Girondins—his own personal friends—to the scaffold, and among them the woman of whose little convivial suppers he had so often partaken, and who had pleaded for him when others looked on him with distrust. Madame Roland, when Robespierre was ill as he had said that she could not do otherwise than love a man who so thoroughly hated the king and queen. It was a sentiment that he should have appre-

ciated, but he rewarded her by cutting off her head when he found her standing in his way.

While Terror was reigning throughout Paris, and paralyzing the country with its operations, the king, whose reign was over, was tasting something like peace within the walls of the Temple Prison. After the first shock was past, his imprisonment seemed more tolerable to him than his perplexing position on the throne. Here was certainty and rest. There was no longer anything to be done: it was done for him. Suffering suited him better than action; and so long as his wife was with him, so long as he might fondle and instruct his children, and live with his family, he was tolerably happy. The luxuries of a palace had never much attraction for him, and the perils of his daily life ever since the return from Varennes had left him no quiet. Now he had only to sit down and wait. The submission that was natural to the king, was in the queen an act of devotion; a noble effort of self-abnegation stopped the source of her tears, taught her to smile upon her child in his playful hours, to merge her existence in her husband's, and to venerate his piety and his patience as the virtues of a holy martyr. The qualities which had excited the enthusiastic attachment of all who were closely connected with her in her happier days, came out in strong relief against the dark background of adversity, to be recognized at last by the whole world, but not till she was dead to this world's praise or censure, and had gone to seek that judgment which alone is worth striving for. She had a keen sense of the delights of free air and liberty, and I remember a pretty anecdote told by Madame Campan, showing that she appreciated them as well for others as for herself. There was a certain M. de Castelnau, who had an insane passion for the queen. For ten years he haunted all her steps; wherever she went she saw his haggard, eager face watching her movements. He was wasting away with his mad attachment, and the sight of him became intolerable to her. M. de Séze, the famous lawyer, informed by Madame Campan of this unfortunate case of delirium, had an interview with M. de Castelnau, and persuaded him to retire into his own province of Bordeaux. The news was brought to the queen, and she betrayed

an almost childish delight at the idea of his departure; but the next day brought another message—he would not go. It was then suggested that he was clearly a lunatic, and might be legally shut up, but the queen would not allow it. “Qu’il m’ennuie,” she said, with generous forbearance, “mais qu’on ne lui ravisse pas le bonheur d’être libre.”

To such a woman as Marie Antoinette the inaction of a prison could not bring peace. Her throne deserted, her friends sacrificed, her palace desolate, and her children without an inheritance: these were not subjects for pleasant contemplation; and these were the images with which her prison walls were hung. Madame Campan recalling her last farewell to her royal mistress at the Tuileries, on her way to the Temple, tells the extremity of her affliction.

In a short sentence, her rapid eloquence called up all that had been and all that was to come. Her passion flashed like a gleam of electric fire across the storm, revealing at one sharp stroke her whole history: but her pain was not that of a selfish heart: “Venez, malheureuses femmes,” she said, stretching out her arms to embrace her attendants, “venez, en voir une encore plus malheureuse que vous, puisque c’est elle qui fait votre malheur à toutes.” “Je crois voir encore,” says Madame Campan, “je verrai toujours cette petite cellule des Feuillans collée de papier vert, cette misérable couchette d’où cette souveraine détronée nous tendit les bras en disant que nos malheurs dont elle était la cause aggravaient les siens propres. Là pour la dernière fois j’ai vu couler les larmes, j’ai entendu les sanglots de celle que la naissance, les dons de la nature, et surtout la bonté de son cœur, avaient destinée à faire l’ornement de tous les trônes et le bonheur de tous les peuples.”

After this agony was past the queen gathered up her force for submission; and the same strength of will which had made her great in the hour of resistance, made her sublime in that of resignation. Her nature was too lofty for complaint, her temper was too generous for reproach. She resolved to glorify the king's martyrdom by her devotion. She watched his lips when they prayed—her eyes met his when they fell on the fair face of his captive son. She followed his steps in the monotony of the daily walk in

the prison garden. She played with him every evening at chess; and when he was mated, she sighed, for the game then had too sad a significance. Hallowed by affection and virtuous effort, this prison life might, even to the queen, have been almost happy, had not the cruelty of her gaolers daily added something to privation and sorrow. The first blow struck was the rending away of the faithful Lamballe, who had come with her to the prison, and fervently entreated not to be removed. This parting was very bitter; the king and his sister were forced to tear the friends apart, for they clung to each other as if they never could be put asunder. There was perhaps a presage in the queen's heart of that worst penalty to come. The king lay awake all night after this separation, unable to forget what he had seen, but not knowing the horror of the future. The queen was afterwards, by his intervention, spared the sight of the cruel mutilation, but she could not be kept in ignorance of the murder of her best-loved friend. Next came an attempt at dividing the king from the queen, for their persecutors saw that they were dear to each other; but the queen's passionate entreaty, and the steadfast refusal of her despair to sustain life with food, prevailed against this decree, and they were allowed to meet at stated intervals. Some hope was roused (futile, but welcome hope) in the hearts of the captives by secret signs of sympathy from the inhabitants of the houses bordering the prison-gardens; and one of the delegates of the Convention sent daily to inspect the prisoners, conceived that passionate attachment for the queen which, from the beginning to the end of her career, it was her fate to inspire in so many of those who approached her. She was the "*segno d'immensa invidia e d'indomato amor.*" Implacable hatred and passionate love contended over her to the very last hour. Foulan had been chosen as an inspector on account of his fervent hatred of royalty; but he saw the queen with her resolute endurance and her altered beauty, and he was conquered. He made a plan for her rescue, which failed, and he died for it. Madame Tison, the gaoler's wife, underwent agonizing alternations of feeling in her office. The queen's grandeur and suffering moved her at times to fits of impetuous admiration, and she would kneel at her feet weeping and kissing her

hands; at others, in the fear of her husband and the Revolutionary tribunals, she would execrate her own compassion, and accuse Marie Antoinette of unheard-of crimes. She resorted to drink in these extremities, and fell into a brain fever, in which the queen and princess nursed her themselves, and sacrificed to her necessities portions of their own too scanty nourishment. The ravings of this woman's delirium were used as accusations against the queen at her trial.

The king taught the dauphin daily, and impressed upon him the forgiveness of his enemies as the first duty of a Christian king. The queen undressed the child, and put him to bed every night herself, and whispered in his ears this prayer: "*Dieu tout puissant, qui m'avez crée et racheté, je vous aime. Conservez les jours de mon père et de ma famille. Protégez-nous contre nos ennemis. Donnez à ma mère à ma tante, à ma sœur les forces dont elles ont besoin pour supporter leurs peines.*"

The prayer was whispered under the disguise of a kiss; for a prayer overheard by the sentinel would have been a crime. The dauphin fell sick in this close confinement; and the queen then used to sweep his room herself, for all service was denied to her. "Ah, madame," said the king, as he looked at her so employed, "*quel métier pour une Reine de France. Et si on le voyait à Vienne! Ah, qui eut dit, qu'en vous unissant à mon sort je vous faisais descendre si bas?*"—"Et comptez-vous pour rien," replied Marie Antoinette, "*la gloire d'être la femme du meilleur et du plus persécuté des hommes?*"

Persecution added each day something to outrage, insult, and want, and that calamity came at last which it was almost beyond the queen's power to bear. Her husband was taken from her, to be subjected to an unjust trial and an ignominious death. So sharp were the cries of the wife, the sister, and the children at the final parting, that the bitter sound penetrated to the opposite houses, and hearts that dared not tell it till after days, shuddered in a secret passion of sympathy.

The gun that was fired at the king's death, the drums that beat to drown his last words on the scaffold, sent their vibrations through the close atmosphere of his widow's prison. Her hope was gone: the life she had cherished, the life which it had been her comfort

to solace, was taken away. Her king was killed, cruelly, and like a felon. The sense of injustice and injury pressed her down. What a widowhood hers was! The prince, the husband, the father, gone—not with a nation's mourning—not with the obsequies of a people's love—not, as he deserved, followed to the grave by a long line of friends—but with hooting and contempt, with only one faithful defender and one devoted priest. Let the names of Malesherbes and Edgeworth ring forever loud and clear through this thick gloom. They were helç dear in the widow's heart while she pondered on the thought of that obscure grave, of which her figure, rigid and motionless, petrified by grief, might be accepted as the monument. A torpor laid hold of her limbs and her thoughts, from which the tenderness of her sister could only partially rouse her.

But a crueller hour yet was to come. When the Convention, after the fall of the Girondins, hardly knowing where next to strike, pressed by a cry for bread from the people, and a fear of new revolt, resolved to give up the queen as the next victim, they sent their emissaries first to take the dauphin from her. They had killed much that had been strong within her—they had killed her hope; but the mother's love was still alive. Her child clung to her, and implored her to defend him. She did defend him. For two long hours she stood there between him and the ruffians who summoned her to give him up—for two long hours, with desperate energy, she struggled and combated, till her strength was spent, and she fell powerless to the ground. The child was torn from her tender arms to be delivered to a guardian singled out for his brutality; and the queen and princess could obtain no mercy and no pity. They were never allowed another glimpse; they only knew that the child of their affection was miserable. The mother had no prospect through the long day but the hope of seeing his shadow through a chink in her shutters when he walked on the platform of his dungeon, and of catching the distant sound of his voice.

When the summons came for herself to go to the trial which meant death, it was welcome. The Princess Elizabeth and the Princess Royal clung to her knees and implored the members of the Commune to let them go with her; but they were answered

by a dead silence. Insult in its worst form, outrage surpassing all that had gone before, were proffered to the queen in the shape of charges at her trial. But she was past the reach of calumny now. She knew that she was on her way to a righteous sentence, and what these men said could matter little. She met their charges, delivered by the voice of Fouquier Tinville, with calm denial; but once, when she was accused of working on the feeble mind of the king, a wife's resentment stirred her blood, and she said, "*Je ne lui ai jamais connu ce caractère, c'était mon devoir de l'obéir et je l'ai obéi;*" and once again there came a flush across her face at the mention of Lamballe's name. But her demeanor was too composed, too resolved for the perfect satisfaction of her persecutors. It touched the heart of Madame Bault, her appointed superintendent in the prison of the Conciergerie, and she concealed under a show of rigor a devoted compassion, and granted whatever indulgence was possible to her prisoner. The queen employed her last hour in writing a letter to her sister-in-law the Princess Elizabeth—a letter the beauty of which must cling to every heart that reads it, but from which my space only allows me to make a very short extract:—

"Combien dans notre malheur notre amitié nous a donné de consolations. Que mon fils n'oublie jamais les derniers mots de son père, que je lui répète expressément. Qu'il ne cherche jamais à venger notre mort.

"Adieu, ma bonne et tendre sœur. Adieu, adieu; je ne dois plus m'occuper que de devoirs spirituels."

The queen positively refused to confess herself to the so-called priests of the Revolution, and when they were sent to her she declined their offices with majestic courtesy. Two of them were so moved by that aspect of ruined beauty and resignation that tears burst from their eyes, and when she said, "*je vais recevoir un grand sacrement*" (meaning her death on the scaffold), one whispered to her, "*Oui, le martyre.*"

Too noble for affectation, the queen made no parade of her wretchedness. She dressed herself as neatly as the sordid cruelty of her persecutors allowed, and calmly let her hands be bound—a process which Louis had struggled against; but she was too proud to resist where resistance was useless. She

trod by chance on the foot of the executioner as she mounted the steps, and said, "Pardonnez-moi," with that same sweetness of tone which used to enchant her court. By the contrivance of her sister-in-law she received a last benediction from a priest of her own persuasion. He was stationed in disguise at a garret window in the Rue St. Honoré, through which the condemned cart was to pass. She knew the number of the house, and watched for it, and saw the signal, and so she passed out of a world of anguish with a secret prayer and a secret blessing. Before the axe fell she turned towards the towers of the Temple, where her children were left.

"Adieu, encore une fois, mes enfants," she said. "Je vais rejoindre votre père."

In that faith the discrowned widow died, trusting that she might share with her murdered king that better crown which his piety and his affliction had won.

The death of the queen took place on the 16th of October, 1793. In the following month Madame Roland trod on the track of her victim. She was thrown into the same prison; there she experienced the disgrace and despair which she had thought it so pleasant to see the queen endure; there she wept over the taint on her fame traced by that pen whose slanders of another woman she had encouraged with so much playful humor; there she wondered at the cruelty of Robespierre, whom she had loved for his power of hating; there she lamented her fate in vain. It was a strange irony of destiny that offered her the queen's counsel for her defence, and I do not wonder that she rejected this favor. She was executed on the 10th of November, 1793.

Robespierre himself did not fall a victim till he had tasted the felicity of supreme power, of crushing Danton and all the Girondists, and of hearing it said of himself, when he cast down the goddess of reason

from her classical pedestal, and held a festival for the renewed worship of the true God, "C'est lui qui a inventé Dieu," a sublime tribute to his creative power.

The heavenly minded Princess Elizabeth followed Marie Antoinette to the scaffold, and the little dauphin died a far worse death. He was a child of fair promise, upon whom his father's tender teaching had not been lost.

"Capet," said the brutal Simon to him one day, "tell me, pray, what you would do if the Austrians were to enter Paris and to defeat our party?"

"Je te pardonnerais," the child replied.

But that day, which Simon feared and which Marie Antoinette longed for, never came, and she and her hope perished. The news of such a murder shook Europe to its very centre.

"The murder of the Queen of France," writes Windham, addressing Edmund Burke, "appears more shocking even than that of the king. An act of such savage and unrelenting cruelty I suppose is hardly to be paralleled, as a case can hardly be found of life ended in circumstances so dreadful, so beset with everything to embitter and sharpen the last agony. All that the imagination pictures of death had been hers for long past—seclusion, silence, solitude, ignorance of all that was passing, separation from all the visible world. It was wonderful how her courage was able to sustain so long a conflict, or how, in fact, she contrived to preserve her senses. She seems to have retained her dignity and firmness to the last, to have been wanting in nothing that the occasion required, to have sustained throughout the part she was to act worthily of herself and of those whom she represented. The assertors of monarchy as opposed to modern doctrines need wish for nothing better than such a contrast as is formed by the conduct of the king and queen compared with that of their destroyers."

MR. JOHN GRANVILLE PENN, about whose identity we inquired last week, is, it appears, the heir of William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania. The descendants of that great man were deprived of their property as loyalists during the revolution, and received their pen-

sion of £4,000 a year in compensation. Mr. Penn belongs, therefore, to the class of hereditary pensioners, though included by the compiler of the Parliamentary returns among the holders of pensions for civil service, a blunder which produced our inquiry.—*Spectator*.

CHAPTER XXI. A NEW BALLET.

THE Theatre Royal, Long Acre, was crowded from the floor to the ceiling. The success of the new grand romantic ballet "L'Aérolithe," (the music by Signor Strepito) was extraordinary. It was not merely a play-bill and placard and advertisement success; it was admitted even in the treasury of the theatre,—that little office under the grand staircase, the only part of the great building in which truth ever built a permanent nest,—it was admitted there between the manager and his confidential officer that the *bally* was a legitimate triumph; and no exception on the ground of actual inaccuracy could therefore be taken to Grimshaw's constant remark, "that he was pulling in the money like one o'clock." He was now ordering "glasses round" with more than usual persistency; ceaseless in the liberal inquiry as to whether any gentleman would take anything to drink; and the company were this time regaled with a champagne supper, which did not make any of them very seriously ill.

The scene of the new grand romantic ballet was of course laid on the banks of the Danube. Ballets invariably take place on the banks of the Danube. The scenery was in Blister's best style. The spectators never could make up their minds whether they admired most "The Village of Ochsenkopf in Transylvania" (Blister); or "The Pass of the Rothen-Thurm or Red Tower, with distant view of the Convent of Kosia, in Wallachia" (Blister and Boker),—I think that both these scenes, differently set, had done duty under other names in Tootle's opera of "Estafetta, or the star of Styria" (which only ran six nights during a previous unfortunate season),—or the grand scene of "The Summit of Mount Pretroska by Moonlight, amid the Peaks of the Carpathian Mountains" (Blister). But perhaps this last had the greater number of admirers; few could resist the beautiful effect of the lime light, the moon rising behind the peaks, with floating clouds to pass over and obscure it occasionally. Blister had quite a reputation for moonlights: and was often called on the stage to receive the congratulations of the house in regard to this scene. I need not say that Grimshaw took the opportunity of leading on his artist and bowing to him, and shaking him

by the hand amidst the loudest applause. "All right," said Grimshaw, as he came off grinning. "We shall secure first-rate press notices by this. They'll say we were both called on. The *bally's* a hit, and no mistake!"

Does the reader wish to know what the new grand romantic ballet of L'Aérolithe was about?

Oscar (M. Anatole) in blue velvet trunks, striped silk stockings, white shirt sleeves, and a hat with a scarlet ribbon, being a peasant of the village of Ochsenkopf, is betrothed to Bianca (Mademoiselle Blondette) the daughter of Claude (M. Renaud) a farmer, and Claudine (Mademoiselle Schmidt) his wife. The wedding festivities are in course of celebration. Many peasant dances are executed (the blind fiddler of the village is a little part admirably performed by that veteran pantomimist Mr. W. H. Sims). There is a *Pas Grotesque* by Michael, the village idiot (M. Pierre); a *Pas de Quatre Hongroise* by Mesdames Celine, Julie, Brown, and Estelle. *Pas Cracovienne* by Mademoiselle Blondette (*encored*); *Galop Styrien* by the entire *corps de ballet*. Then a procession of monks (in dark-glazed calico) who pass through the village carrying enormous crosses, and bless the peasants (to slow music), kneeling reverentially. Sunset effect—very imposing. The wedding fêtes are resumed. Night comes on. The villagers prepare to depart to their homes after a grand mazourka of Transylvania with colored lanterns. The storm! (Signor Strepito's music here becomes of a violently descriptive character.) Fall of a thunderbolt! General consternation! Mystic appearance of *Fiametta, la Fille du Firmament* (Mademoiselle Stephanie Boisfleury, *première danseuse* of the principal theatres of Europe, her tenth appearance in England); *Pas d'Orange*, Mademoiselle Boisfleury; *Pas d'Electricité*, Mademoiselle Boisfleury. Oscar is bereft of reason! *Pas Insensé*, M. Anatole. He deserts his bride, his parents, his village, to follow *Fiametta*. The next is a "carpenter's" scene, the cottage of Bianca. Despair of Bianca at the departure of Oscar. Some comic business for Michael, the idiot, and the blind fiddler. Anger of Claude and Claudine. They determine that Bianca shall now wed the rich farmer Obol (M. Raphael). Scene

changes to the Pass of the Rothen-Thurm. *Grand pas de Désir*, Mademoiselle Boisfleury and M. Anatole. *Grand Valse*, *La Tentation*; *Pas d'Amour*, Mademoiselle Boisfleury and M. Anatole. *Fiametta* is an aërolite, her mother is the firmament, her father is the earth, on the wings of the storm she can descend from her home in the skies, and assume a mortal appearance. She may lure others to love, but she may never love herself, or she will sink deep into the earth—buried forever. *Fiametta* explains her situation in pantomime; to those who understand the ballet language her actions are extremely intelligible. *Oscar* is in great grief. *Pas de Désespoir*, of course. *Fiametta* begins to feel her heart tremble. *Pas d'Alarme*. She flies from *Oscar*. He pursues. She disappears down a trap (technically called a *vampire*). There are other episodes in the entertainment upon which it is not necessary to dwell. Finally, *Fiametta* witnesses the devotion of *Bianca*, who, deserted by *Oscar*, still loves him. She is struck by the fact that this love is greater than her love. She restores *Oscar* to *Bianca*. Then she discovers that she has loved, that she still loves, a mortal! Yet she may escape her dreadful doom if she will consent to lure *Oscar* to ruin! But she cannot: she sacrifices herself so that *Oscar* may be happy! She descends in the moonlight (after an exquisite *Pas*) from the skies to "The summit of Mount Pretroska, amid the peaks of the Carpathian Mountains." She swings in the air. She hides her face in her hands to shut out the sight of the bliss of *Oscar* and *Bianca* in the foreground, and disappears at the back into the mountain, which splits in sunder conveniently, amidst the loud applause of the whole theatre.

Such is the ballet of "L'Aérolithe." If the reader should be of opinion that it very much resembles some other ballet that he has seen, why, I must admit such to be the case; but the truth is, that I never yet saw a ballet that did not very much resemble many other ballets. Madame Boisfleury was one of those dancers who win their public simply, as it seems, by the steady determination to win them, by mere force of will. There was a sort of grand defiance about the way in which she bounded upon the stage (after pushing a path for

herself through coryphées, certainly rather roughly) her eyes glittering from beneath her thick black brows, her nostrils distended, her red lips compressed, and then after a few superb leaps and whirlings, stood suddenly still upon the points of her toes in the centre of the stage, her head thrown back, her grand round arms raised above—her whole attitude as audacious as it was admirable. She had laughed at Blondette's paint, but it seemed that she had not hesitated to avail herself of similar artifices. She looked much fairer than by daylight; but her massive neck and shoulders were plentifully powdered, while there was very strong rouge upon her cheeks. Yet the glare of gas almost necessitated this. It was one of Grimshaw's standing orders always to turn the gas well on when the *bally* was played, "Mind that, now, Gassy," he would say to his fitter, "and light 'em well up." Mademoiselle Boisfleury's style of dancing was of the *strong* school. It was graceful according to the dancer's theory of grace, but it was never tender; she was agile enough, but never aërial, in spite of the part she played in the romantic ballet. She had none of that slenderness of limb which sometimes makes the spectators tremble lest a foot should give way or an ankle be distorted. The substantial frame of Mademoiselle Boisfleury set at rest effectually all ideas of that kind. She was as a grand flower on a thoroughly strong stalk. She was safe enough—dashing, intrepid, indefatigable, with a smile that did not look assumed, and a glance that seemed to dare the theatre to withhold its applause. Certainly she was an imposing-looking creature in her first dress of flame-colored gauze powdered with gold stars, with her jewelled armlets and necklace (probably the stones were not precious), and some brilliant ornaments glittering amidst her jet-black hair. In the last scene she wore, of course, white muslin, without decoration of any kind, her hair streaming down her back and the rouge washed from her cheeks.

"She's a good one to dance," said a stout gentleman, with his coat closely buttoned, sitting in the stalls, to a friend in gold spectacles.

"Well, yes, she is," the friend answered; "her *entrechats* are really admirable. She

is a first-rate danseuse of the second rank. She would not suit us in Paris; but she does very well for you others here."

"Has she appeared at your opera house?"

"No; there are reasons for her not appearing in Paris."

"Indeed! Mossoo!" said the Inspector, "our sort of reasons?"

"Let us say *political* reasons, if you will, my friend. It is the plea many of the French urge to excuse their absence from their native country. Some governments are too paternal, and like the wise father, they do not spare their children the rod. Perhaps Mademoiselle Stephanie fears the rod. You see, my friend, I have taken of your *haff-naff*, but I am still of the executive. I know what I say."

"She is a good-looking woman!" said the Inspector, bluntly. "How old do you suppose she is?"

"Ah, well, let me see; she must be as near thirty as a woman ever gets,—let us say twenty-eight. Yes, she is pretty! very charming indeed, *ma chère*! What is this—*La Tentation*, is it not? Yes, of course. She does it very well."

"Has she been dancing all these years?"

"Sometimes she dance—sometimes she sit still: she appear and re-appear. She made her *début* very young. She was then at Brussels—she was young; she could not dance very well."

A handsome bald-headed man, sitting in front of the Inspector and his friend, turned round suddenly at this.

"Will monsieur kindly permit me to use his opera-glass for one minute?" asked the Frenchman, in a soft voice, bowing politely.

"Immediately," was the answer. The gentleman seemed to have caught sight of some one he knew occupying a private box on a low tier. He looked through the glass, and having apparently satisfied himself upon the subject, he handed the glass to the Frenchman.

"Yes," said George Martin to himself, "it is he, sure enough. Wilford has come here to make certain that Mademoiselle Regine is Mademoiselle Boisfeury! Who can wonder that he should do so, poor fellow. How white he looks! how he keeps at the back of the box. It is a wonder that I saw him at all. How he must suffer! This

woman his wife, and Violet —! Can such things be?"

"That *petite* is Mademoiselle Blondette, I suppose?" the Frenchman inquired of his friend. "She is pretty, only she is affected."

"Yes," said the Inspector, "she used to be at the Vulture in the City Road,—a clever girl; but you should hear her father speak of her—hear the character he gives her. Most respectable man by the name of Simcox,—keeps a pie-shop up at Hoxton. Little Sally Simcox—that's his daughter—used to dance Highland-flings and such like, at the Alexandrina Saloon near Shoreditch. Now she calls herself Blondette—cuts her family dead, and won't hear of the name of Simcox—keeps a coach and pair. Such is life!"

"Ah, truly," the Frenchman remarked, philosophically, "it is wonderful the fortunes that are made by ballet-dancers."

Some one entering in great haste nearly placed a foot in the Frenchman's glossy hat on the floor before him.

"*Prenez garde, monsieur!*"

"*Je vous demande pardon, monsieur,*" muttered the new-comer.

"Ah! Monsieur Alexis; it is you, then?"

"Ah! Monsieur—"

"Chose. *S'il vous plait, Monsieur Chose.*"

Then suddenly Monsieur Chose abandoned the tone of banter in which he had been speaking, and whispered fiercely in the ear of Monsieur Alexis: "How dare you come here, sir? Go! What do you here? go at once."

"I go, monsieur," the boy said, in a scared voice, and hurried out. He was afterwards to be seen in the upper boxes of the theatre, vigorously applauding the performance, and especially the dancing of Mademoiselle Blondette.

"Who is he?" asked the Englishman.

"You don't know him? Ah! then you soon will. *Petit diable*; he is a young man of considerable promise."

"He looks a mere boy."

"He is not far from twenty, however. He is a half-breed. If he takes care, there is a chance that he may be able to combine the dexterity of the Parisian with the brutality of the London thief. At present he is a little too fond of pleasure to be very successful; but in time he may outgrow that;

he is young, there is hope for him. He is clever, he has no heart; he would sell his mother for a *chasse of Marasquin*; his sister for a packet of cigarettes; his father—well, he *did* sell him—we owe him thanks for that—for twelve hundred francs: and le père Dominique is now at the galleys as a natural consequence. But *Madame sa mère* knows not of the transaction: it is a hold I have upon her son."

"And the sister?"

"The sister is Mademoiselle Stephanie, dancing now for our pleasure."

"And is she——"

"Ah! Monsieur Inspector, you interrogate me, is it not so? France through her executive, is interested in Mademoiselle Boisfleury and her family. They are *émigrés*. France may wish that they should return to her bosom. She is a great nation; she has moments of clemency; she has moments of cruelty. She may pardon the family for the beauty and the talent of the daughter, or she may turn the key upon the whole group. I don't say which course she will pursue. It is not for us, *cher ami*, to decide this kind of question. We are but members of the executive; policemen, as you others say. *Eh, bien?* we wait and see, and we act when some one whispers in our ears what we shall do. For Stephanie——"

"Hush! don't talk so loud. I must go: I see my gent from Liverpool in a private box, with a lady—*his sister* very likely—good-by. I must go up-stairs to the door of the box," and the stout Inspector withdrew.

"Have I take too much *haff-naff*—do I talk too much?" Monsieur Chose asked himself.

The bald, handsome gentleman in front here politely proffered his opera-glass to the Frenchman.

By and by on a bridge of small civilities, Mr. Martin and Monsieur Chose passed gradually into conversation. Monsieur Chose was evidently in a talkative mood. Martin was always a good listener; he distinguished himself especially in that character on the present occasion. Perhaps he had, or thought he had, an object in view in doing this.

"The ballet in England," said the Frenchman with a grand air, "is an exotic which has never taken deep root—which would die

but for much care and what you call *forcing*. In France it is a natural production, and it flourishes always. London tries to like, to acquire a taste for the *ballet*. Paris loves it from instinct. It is the dream of the English that they have the tastes, the perceptions of the French. Monsieur, believe me, it is not possible. They try to like claret—they swallow it with a wry face; it does not please them, really; why should they pretend that it does? Let England keep to her native productions; to her port wine, her sherry wine, her porter, ale, her *haff-naff*, which is excellent, I know it; which fits well to this climate *opaque* and *brumeux*. Let her not seek to imitate the pleasures of the French. For you, the pantomime of Christmas; for us, the ballet—*pensif*—poetic, sublime! We are a nation of sentiment; we love always the appeals to our hearts, to our emotions. We should hiss this ballet in Paris. It is good, but it is not good enough. The *nuances* are not preserved; the *ensemble* is not cared for. The whole is without *esprit*. Mademoiselle Boisfleury is charming; Mademoiselle Blondette is *ravissante*, but for the others! Monsieur, to see a ballet of the first quality, you must see it in Paris and nowhere else, as to eat strawberries in perfection you must pluck them yourself from their beds."

"Monsieur," said Martin, bowing, "I have long entertained these opinions, but I have never been able to express them so well. Your remarks are profound—more, they are philosophical."

"MONSIEUR!" exclaimed the Frenchman, his face beaming with delight as he bowed his head repeatedly, "you do me an honor extreme. But it is given to the intellect of France to be not less appreciative and judicial in its character, than competent to wield those attributes to the advantage of the universe!"

Monsieur Chose spoke with an air of enthusiasm and deep conviction: his gestures were extremely animated, and he rose from his seat. There were cries in the pit behind him of "Sit down in front!"

"I am carried out of myself," he said, with an air of greater calmness, "let me remember my situation. Ah, behold us now at the grand scene of 'L'Aérolithe.'"

A roar of applause was the recognition of Blister's triumph in the picture of the "Sum-

mit of Mount Pretroska by moonlight, amid the Peaks of the Carpathian Mountains," the last scene of the ballet. (It may be as well to say that Blister had never in his life been further from London than Blackwall! but then he never professed to give faithful representations of particular landscapes; and, indeed, he held that *vraisemblance* had nothing to do with scene-painting, perhaps because he thought that if he made the background too natural, it would interfere too much with the actors who were to be the foreground figures, and who it must be said, were generally quite as far off truth of delineation as was Blister.)

Monsieur Chose was loud in his applause throughout the whole of the scene, though his approval was always given with a great air of consciousness of superiority and condescension. Nevertheless, his repeated "Brava! brava!" possessed a tone of languid ecstasy that brought all his neighbors into a like frame of mind, and induced them to applaud also. It was as though his manifestations of delight were wrung from him, notwithstanding the obstacles presented by a constitutional indolence and an aristocratic indifference, and were therefore all the more precious. And the scene was worthy of applause. When the *première danseuse* swung high up in the air, descending gradually lower, a strong lime light pouring upon her—so strong that the wire supporting her was hardly visible from the stalls, while it could not be traced at all from the boxes, except now and then when it caught the light—the effect was almost poetical; Monsieur Chose said it was quite. The inevitably absurd characteristics of the ballet costume were very nearly lost. There was a sort of gauze cloud wreathing about Stephanie; her long black hair was streaming behind her; her hands were clasped upon her breast; her splendid eyes were turned upward. She looked very handsome, beautiful indeed, while it was part of the effect to make the light—almost blinding in its vividness—appear to emanate from her, until she seemed to hang gleaming in the air like an incarnate jewel. George Martin could not help vying with the Frenchman in applauding the scene. He gave a glance at Wilford's box to see if he were still present, but he was unable to discover him—possibly because the audience portion of

the theatre was darkened for the enhancement of the moonlight scene. Suddenly there was a lull in the applause—a murmur—a gasp! Mademoiselle Boisfleury was to descend into the summit of Mount Pretroska, it was true, but surely not with such rapidity? Was it accidental—was it intentional? Some continued to applaud, nay, clapped their hands the more violently in their regret at what seemed a growing apathy in the house. There were cries for Mademoiselle Boisfleury, then shouts of "Bravo!" "Order!" "Shame!" "Grimshaw!" "Sit down!" "Stephanie!" etc.

"There is something wrong, surely," Martin whispered to the Frenchman.

"Yes, the rope must have broken—I knew it would."

Martin turned to him quickly, looking at him inquiringly.

"Pardon, monsieur," the Frenchman answered the glance, bowing and smiling. "You flatter my intelligence. I did not know the rope would break to-night." He added, to himself, "*Enfin*, then, behold me present when the accident has occurred!"

The conviction that there was something wrong grew upon the house. The thing was evident in the looks of M. Anatole, who had given up his ballet attitude, and was now indulging in poses natural, if not graceful. He was turning from one side to the other to get instruction from the people in the wing as to what he should do next. Mademoiselle Blondette was clearly shivering with fright, was holding Anatole's arm tightly with both her hands, speaking to him, looking beseechingly at him—at the prompter. It was quite certain that there was something wrong. A loud cry arose in the upper part of the house. From that point of view many spectators could perceive the figure of Mademoiselle Boisfleury. She must have struck against the scenery in her descent, the rope probably breaking, and then been precipitated to the stage. She was lying, half hidden by a set piece, at the back of the stage. In quiet moments a low moaning could be heard to proceed from the spot; she was no longer the radiant *première danseuse* of the continental theatres—she was simply a poor woman in a huddle of crumpled, soiled muslin, the victim of an accident, grievously hurt. The lime light had been withdrawn, the stage was very dark; still

this was perceived; then a small crowd of carpenters, scene-shifters, and ballet-girls, men and women, hurried on to the stage, and the curtain came down—not with the slow regularity of its usual descent, but with an abrupt scramble. All this takes some lines to tell, but little more than two minutes intervened between the accident and the dropping of the curtain.

The audience looked at each other. The evening's entertainment was over, but could they go in this way? Some hurried off at once, it is true with white, sickened faces, but the rest remained, talking earnestly in groups; men hitherto strangers, who had sat speechless next to each other, were now discussing the accident as though they had just discovered they were really intimates of the longest standing. Some stood on seats—there was a disposition to hoot and groan. Some obstinate and obtuse people still persisted in applauding. At last there was a tolerably unanimous cry for "Grimshaw!" which strengthened as it went on, and grew more and more angry.

A well-dressed gentleman, holding in his hand a very glossy hat (it is said that at the T. R. Long Acre a glossy hat is always kept ready in the wings for those who make apologies, or are called to receive applause), Tacker, the stage-manager, appeared before the curtain. His look was dignified and serious, his manner irreproachably polite. He was expressly engaged to make apologies, of which Grimshaw himself was quite incapable, though he liked to go on now and then in a rough *bonhomie* sort of way, to show himself, receive applause, and smile and bow to the audience. There was immediate silence for Tacker. He held his hat in his left hand—his right was of course pressed upon his heart. He glanced up and down, right and left, so as to include the whole audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen. I regret to inform you that an accident, not, as it is believed of a serious nature—" (oh! oh! from the back of the pit. Tacker glared fiercely at that quarter, and was loudly applauded by the stalls). "Not," he repeated sternly, "it is believed of a serious nature, has happened to Mademoiselle Boisfleury. The management have to request, therefore, under these circumstances, the indulgence a

British audience has never hesitated to give. The audience are requested to allow the performances to come to a close at once. The cause of the accident shall be searchingly investigated, and provision made against its recurrence. In any case, the management have the pleasure to announce that the new ballet will be performed to-morrow and every evening until further notice."

What could the house do but applaud Tacker and go home?

"Hist!" said the Frenchman to Martin. "Let us go round to the back and make inquiries. I will arrange."

Martin looked at Wilford's box, it was empty. He accompanied Monsieur Chose.

"Well, this is just my luck," said a sturdy gentleman, elbowing his way out of the pit. "I come here for abstraction and recreation, under the pressure of great calamity at home. What happens? A rope breaks, or something goes wrong, and a woman breaks her neck—don't tell me she hasn't broken her neck—I'd take my oath of it; and a good-looking woman, too, in very nice order and preservation; a highly respectable Murillo; or, at least, an excellent example of the school of Murillo. Poor thing! I'm sure I'm very sorry for her. I came here for amusement, and this is what I get."

It was, of course, Mr. Isaac Phillimore, picture-dealer of Freer Street, Soho.

A shabby-looking man was with him. A man with no shirt-collar, a red nose, a broken hat (with crape on it), and very watery eyes. His lips had a tremulous movement about them, as though they were always talking.

"What is it you're saying, Loafe?" Mr. Phillimore asked. "My poor fellow. You've got into such a way of muttering, there is no hearing a word you say."

Mr. Loafe whispered into Mr. Phillimore's ear.

"Oh, well!" said Mr. Phillimore, "if you want to go, why of course you *must* go—and here's the half-crown you ask for—I should have to pay it for your supper, so you're welcome to it."

"I'll pay you back," said Mr. Loafe, with breathless earnestness. "'Pon my soul, I'll pay you back. I shall get twelve and sixpence, if I'm lucky. I did not see any one doing it, and I dare say I can plant a vara-

graph on two or three of the morning papers. Only I must go and get particulars, and do it at once." And Mr. Loafe disappeared.

"Well, I'm sure I never saw a man that looked more as though he wanted twelve and sixpence. I suppose it comes of being a literary man! Why, Loafe's got to be a mere drunken boor by Ostade!" Then, he added: "Well, my recreation is over, and I go back to my dismal home a more miserable man than I came from it. I suppose that comes of being a picture-dealer and appreciator of the fine arts. Stay! I won't go home yet. I'll try a devilled oyster. Perhaps that will cheer me."

Mr. Loafe's paragraph was as follows:—

"SERIOUS ACCIDENT AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, LONG ACRE.—We regret to have to state that a serious accident occurred at this favorite establishment last evening, during the performance of the new and successful ballet 'L'Éprouvée.' Towards the conclusion of the performance, as our readers are probably aware, a full description having so recently appeared in our columns, the eminent *danseuse*, Mademoiselle Stephanie Boisfleury who sustains the character of *Fiametta*, the *Fille du Firmament* (from whence the name of the piece is derived), is required to swing for some time over the stage suspended by a wire, the strength of which it is the rule of the theatre to test every morning, so that no precaution may be spared to render the feat a comparatively harmless one, the actress finally disappearing from the gaze of the enraptured audience down a trap-door at the back of the stage. From some cause, with

the particulars of which we are unacquainted, and indeed it appears to be a mystery to all concerned, in spite of our ceaseless endeavors to obtain explicit information at the late hour last evening at which we went to press, the rope broke, or became detached from the dress of Mademoiselle Boisfleury, the accident has been explained to us in both ways, but its exact manner does not appear to be sufficiently accounted for, and she was precipitated from a great height of some twelve feet or more with considerable violence on to the stage. A scene of extraordinary alarm, consternation, and excitement ensued in the theatre, and the curtain was at once lowered. Mr. Tacker, the admirable stage-manager (whose benefit, we observe by our advertising columns, is fixed for Tuesday week, when we trust that he will receive the support so delightful an actor, and excellent a public servant, fully deserves), endeavored in a short speech, capitally delivered, to allay the fears of the audience, among the female portion of whom considerable fear had been manifested. Mr. Grimshaw has been indefatigable in his attention to the sufferer, and the best medical skill in the metropolis has been called in to her assistance. Meanwhile, Mademoiselle Boisfleury lies in a state, which we fear we must call precarious. Perhaps it is a fitting time to ask how long entertainments of a dangerous character, etc., etc. When will our senators give us an Act of Parliament to remedy a state of things which etc., etc.?"

There was a good deal more of it

Perhaps, it is fair to state, however, that Mr. Loafe's paragraph did not appear exactly as he had written it.

MR. THURLOW WEED has addressed to the Common Council of New York a letter on the relations of America with Great Britain and France. He says the cause of the sympathy between Western Europe and the South is the treachery of American agents, and heartily deprecates national irritability. The "paths of peace are the only paths of pleasantness for England and America." And therefore he holds that it "behooves the Government, the press, and the people of both countries, by enlightened counsels, large toleration, and wise forbearance, to soothe rather than to stimulate existing irritation"—advice required as much in England as in America. The letter is important as indicating that the councillors of the

Republican party do not desire war with England.—*Spectator*.

A VERSE TO THE SEA.

BY A THALASSOPHOBIST.

THE "poetry of motion"
Has been ascribed to thee,
Thou bullying old Ocean,
By bards of high degree:
But I, for one, deny it,
My eyes can only view
Upon thy waves unquiet
The prose of—ugh! boohoo!

—*Vanity Fair*.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER I.

SHE was a rather tall, awkward, and strongly-built girl of about fifteen. This was the first impression the "maid" gave to her "mistresses," the Misses Leaf, when she entered their kitchen, accompanied by her mother, a widow and washerwoman, by name Mrs. Hand. I must confess, when they saw the damsel, the ladies felt a certain twinge of doubt as to whether they had not been rash in offering to take her; whether it would not have been wiser to have gone on in their old way—now, alas! grown into a very old way, so as almost to make them forget they had ever had any other—and done without a servant still.

Many consultations had the three sisters held before such a revolutionary extravagance was determined on. But Miss Leaf was beginning both to look and to feel "not so young as she had been;" Miss Selina, ditto; though, being still under forty, she would not have acknowledged it for the world. And Miss Hilary, young, bright, and active as she was, could by no possibility do everything that was to be done in the little establishment; be, for instance, in three places at once—in the school-room, teaching little boys and girls, in the kitchen, cooking dinner, and in the room up-stairs, busy at housemaid's work. Besides, much of her time was spent in waiting upon "poor Selina," who frequently was, or fancied herself, too ill to take any part in either the school or house duties.

Though, the thing being inevitable, she said little about it, Miss Leaf's heart was often sore to see Hilary's pretty hands smeared with blacking of grates, and roughened with scouring of floors. To herself this sort of thing had become natural,—but Hilary!

All the time of Hilary's childhood, the youngest of the family had, of course, been spared all housework; and afterwards her studies had left no time for it. For she was a clever girl, with a genuine love of knowledge: Latin, Greek, and even the higher branches of arithmetic and mathematics, were not beyond her range; and

this she found much more interesting than washing dishes or sweeping floors. True, she always did whatever domestic duty she was told to do; but her bent was not in the household line. She had only lately learnt to "see dust," to make a pudding, to iron a shirt; and, moreover, to reflect, as she woke up to the knowledge of how these things should be done, and how necessary they were—what must have been her eldest sister's lot during all these twenty years! What pains, what weariness, what eternal toil must Johanna have silently endured, in order to do all those things which till now had seemed to do themselves!

Therefore, after much cogitation as to the best and most prudent way to amend matters, and perceiving with her clear common sense that, willing as she might be to work in the kitchen, her own time would be much more valuably spent in teaching their growing school, it was Hilary who, these Christmas holidays, first started the bold idea, "We must have a servant;" and therefore, it being necessary to begin with a very small servant on very low wages (£3 per annum was, I fear, the maximum), did they take this Elizabeth Hand.

So, hanging behind her parent, an anxious-eyed and rather sad-voiced woman, did Elizabeth enter the kitchen of the Misses Leaf.

The ladies were all there, — Johanna arranging the table for their early tea; Selina lying on the sofa, trying to cut bread and butter; Hilary on her knees before the fire, making the bit of toast—her elder sister's one luxury. This was the picture that her three mistresses presented to Elizabeth's eyes; which, though they seemed to notice nothing, must in reality have noticed everything.

"I've brought my daughter, ma'am, as you sent word you'd take on trial," said Mrs. Hand, addressing herself to Selina, who, as the tallest, the best-dressed, and the most imposing, was usually regarded by strangers as the head of the family.

"O Johanna, my dear."

Miss Leaf came forward, rather uncer-

tainly, for she was of a shy nature, and had been so long accustomed to do the servant's work of the household, that she felt quite awkward in the character of mistress. Instinctively she hid her poor hands, that would at once have betrayed her to the sharp eyes of the working-woman, and then, ashamed of her momentary false pride, laid them outside her apron and sat down.

"Will you take a chair, Mrs. Hand? My sister told you, I believe, all our requirements. We only want a good, intelligent girl. We are willing to teach her everything."

"Thank you kindly; and I be willing and glad for her to learn, ma'am," replied the mother, her sharp and rather free tone subdued in spite of herself by the gentle voice of Miss Leaf. Of course, living in the same country town, she knew all about the three schoolmistresses, and how till now they had kept no servant. "It's her first place, and her'll be awkward at first, most like. Hold up your head, Elizabeth."

"Is her name Elizabeth?"

"Far too long and too fine," observed Selina from the sofa. "Call her Betty."

"Anything you please, miss; but I call her Elizabeth. It wor my young missis' name in my first place, and I never had a second."

"We will call her Elizabeth," said Miss Leaf, with the gentle decision she could use on occasion.

There was a little more discussion between the mother and the future mistress as to holidays, Sundays, and so forth, during which time the new servant stood silent and impassive in the doorway between the back-kitchen and the kitchen, or, as it is called in those regions, the house-place.

As before said, Elizabeth was by no means a personable girl, and her clothes did not set her off to advantage. Her cotton frock hung in straight lines down to her ankles, displaying her clumsily shod feet and woolen stockings; above it was a pinafore—a regular child's pinafore, of the cheap, strong, blue-speckled print which in those days was generally worn. A little shabby shawl, pinned at the throat, and pinned very carelessly and crookedly, with an old black bonnet, much too small for her large head and her quantities of ill-kept hair, com-

pleted the costume. It did not impress favorably a lady who, being, or rather having been, very handsome herself, was as much alive to appearances as the second Miss Leaf.

She made several rather depreciatory observations, and insisted strongly that the new servant should only be taken "on trial," with no obligation to keep her a day longer than they wished. Her feeling on the matter communicated itself to Johanna, who closed the negotiation with Mrs. Hand, by saying,—

"Well, let us hope your daughter will suit us. We will give her a fair chance at all events."

"Which is all I can ax for, Miss Leaf. Her bean't much to look at, but her's willin' and sharp, and her's never told me a lie in her life. Curtesy to thy missis, and say thee'll do thy best, Elizabeth."

Pulled forward, Elizabeth did courtesy, but she never offered to speak. And Miss Leaf, feeling that for all parties the interview had better be shortened, rose from her chair.

Mrs. Hand took the hint and departed, saying only, "Good-by, Elizabeth," with a nod, half encouraging, half admonitory, which Elizabeth silently returned. That was all the parting between mother and daughter; they neither kissed nor shook hands, which undemonstrative farewell somewhat surprised Hilary.

Now, Miss Hilary Leaf had all this while gone on toasting. Luckily for her bread, the fire was low and black; meantime, from behind her long drooping curls (which Johanna would not let her "turn up," though she was twenty), she was making her observations on the new servant. It might be, that possessing more head than the one and more heart than the other, Hilary was gifted with deeper perception of character than either of her sisters; but certainly her expression, as she watched Elizabeth, was rather amused and kindly than dissatisfied.

"Now, girl, take off your bonnet," said Selina, to whom Johanna had silently appealed in her perplexity as to the next proceeding with regard to the new member of the household.

Elizabeth obeyed, and then stood, irresolute, awkward, and wretched to the last degree, at the furthest end of the house-place,

"Shall I show you where to hang up your things?" said Hilary, speaking for the first time; and at the new voice, so quick, cheerful, and pleasant, Elizabeth visibly started.

Miss Hilary rose from her knees, crossed the kitchen, took from the girl's unresisting hands the old black bonnet and shawl, and hung them up carefully on a nail behind the great eight-day clock. It was a simple action, done quite without intention, and accepted without acknowledgment, except one quick glance of that keen yet soft gray eye; but years and years after Elizabeth reminded Hilary of it.

And now Elizabeth stood forth in her own proper likeness, unconcealed by bonnet or shawl, or maternal protection. The pinafore scarcely covered her gaunt neck and long arms: that tremendous head of rough, dusky hair was evidently for the first time gathered into a comb. Thence elf-locks escaped in all directions, and were forever being pushed behind her ears, or rubbed (not smoothed; there was nothing smooth about her) back from her forehead; which, Hilary noticed, was low, broad, and full. The rest of her face, except the before-mentioned eyes, was absolutely and undeniably plain. Her figure, so far as the pinafore exhibited it, was undeveloped and ungainly; the chest being contracted and the shoulders rounded, as if with carrying children or other weights, while still a growing girl. In fact, nature and circumstances had apparently united in dealing unkindly with Elizabeth Hand.

Still here she was; and what was to be done with her?

Having sent her with the small burden which was apparently all her luggage, to the little room—formerly a box-closet—where she was to sleep, the Misses Leaf—or as facetious neighbors called them the Miss Leaves—took serious counsel together over their tea.

Tea itself suggested the first difficulty. They were always in the habit of taking that meal, and indeed every other, in the kitchen. It saved time, trouble, and fire; besides leaving the parlor always tidy for callers, chiefly pupils' parents, and preventing these latter from discovering that the three orphan daughters of Henry Leaf, Esq., solicitor, and sisters of Henry Leaf, Junior, Esq., also

solicitor, but whose sole mission in life seemed to have been to spend everything, make everybody miserable, marry, and die—that these three ladies did always wait upon themselves at meal times, and did sometimes breakfast without butter, and dine without meat. Now, this system would not do any longer.

"Besides, there is no need for it," said Hilary, cheerfully. "I am sure we can well afford both to keep and to feed a servant, and to have a fire in the parlor every day. Why not take our meals there, and sit there regularly of evenings?"

"We must," added Selina, decidedly. "For my part, I couldn't eat, or sew, or do anything with that great, hulking girl sitting staring opposite;—or standing; for how could we ask her to sit with us? Already, what must she have thought of us—people who take tea in the kitchen?"

"I do not think that matters," said the eldest sister, gently, after a moment's silence. "Everybody in the town knows who and what we are, or might if they chose to inquire. We cannot conceal our poverty if we tried; and I don't think anybody looks down upon us for it. Not even since we began to keep school, which you thought was such a terrible thing, Selina."

"And it was. I have never reconciled myself to teaching the baker's two boys and the grocer's little girl. You were wrong, Johanna, you ought to have drawn the line somewhere, and it ought to have excluded tradespeople."

"Beggars cannot be choosers," began Hilary.

"Beggars!" echoed Selina.

"No, my dear, we never were that," said Miss Leaf, interposing against one of the sudden storms that were often breaking out between these two. "You know well we have never begged nor borrowed from anybody, and hardly ever been indebted to anybody, except for the extra lessons that Mr. Lyon would insist upon giving to Ascott at home."

Here Johanna suddenly stopped, and Hilary, with a slight color rising in her face, said,—

"I think, sisters, we are forgetting that the staircase is quite open, and though I am sure she has an honest look, and not that of

a listener, still Elizabeth might hear. Shall I call her down-stairs, and tell her to light a fire in the parlor?"

While she was doing it,—and in spite of Selina's forebodings to the contrary, the small maiden did it quickly and well, especially after a hint or two from Hilary,—let me take the opportunity of making a little picture of this same Hilary.

Little it should be, for she was a decidedly little woman; small altogether, hands, feet, and figure being in satisfactory proportion. Her movements, like those of most little women, were light and quick rather than elegant; yet everything she did was done with a neatness and delicacy which gave an involuntary sense of grace and harmony. She was, in brief, one of those people who are best described by the word "harmonious;" people who never set your teeth on edge, or rub you up the wrong way, as very excellent people occasionally do. Yet she was not over-meek, or unpleasantly amiable; there was a liveliness and even briskness about her, as if the every-day wine of her life had a spice of champagniness, not frothiness but natural effervescence of spirit, meant to "cheer but not inebriate" a household.

And in her own household this gift was most displayed. No centre of a brilliant, admiring circle could be more charming, more witty, more irresistibly amusing than was Hilary sitting by the kitchen fireside, with the cat on her knee, between her two sisters, and the schoolboy Ascott Leaf, their nephew;—which four individuals, the cat being not the least important of them, constituted the family.

In the family Hilary shone supreme. All recognized her as the light of the house, and so she had been, ever since she was born, ever since her

"Dying mother mild,
Said, with accents undefiled,
'Child, be mother to this child.'"

It was said to Johanna Leaf, who was not Mrs. Leaf's own child. But the good step-mother, who had once taken the little motherless girl to her bosom, and never since made the slightest difference between her and her own children, knew well whom she was trusting.

From that solemn hour, in the middle of the night, when she lifted the hour-old baby

out of its dead mother's bed into her own, it became Johanna's one object in life. Through a sickly infancy, for it was a child born amidst trouble, her sole hands washed, dressed, fed it; night and day it "lay in her bosom, and was unto her as a daughter."

She was then just thirty: not too old to look forward to woman's natural destiny, a husband and children of her own. But years slipped by, and she was Miss Leaf still. What matter? Hilary was her daughter.

Johanna's pride in her knew no bounds. Not that she showed it much: indeed, she deemed it a sacred duty not to show it; but to make believe her "child" was just like other children. But she was not. Nobody ever thought she was—even in externals. Fate gave her all those gifts which are sometimes sent to make up for the lack of worldly prosperity. Her brown eyes were as soft as doves' eyes, yet could dance with fun and mischief if they chose: her hair, brown also, with a dark red shade in it, crisped itself in two wavy lines over her forehead, and then tumbled down in two glorious masses, which Johanna, ignorant, alas! of art, called "very untidy," and labored in vain to quell under combs, or to arrange in proper, regular curls. Her features—well, they too were good; better than these unartistic people had any idea of; better even than Selina's, who in her youth had been the belle of the town. But whether artistically correct or not, Johanna, though she would on no account have acknowledged it, believed solemnly that there was not such a face in the whole world as little Hilary's.

Possibly, a similar idea dawned on the apparently dull mind of Elizabeth Hand, for she watched her youngest mistress intently, from kitchen to parlor, and from parlor back to kitchen; and once when Miss Hilary stood giving information as to the proper abode of broom, bellows, etc., the little maid gazed at her with such admiring observation that the scuttle she carried was tilted, and the coals were strewn all over the kitchen floor. At which catastrophe Miss Leaf looked miserable, Miss Selina spoke crossly, and Ascott, who just then came in to his tea, late as usual, burst into a shout of laughter.

It was as much as Hilary could do to help laughing herself, she being too near her

nephew's own age always to maintain a dignified, auntlike attitude; but nevertheless when, having disposed of her sisters in the parlor, she coaxed Ascott into the schoolroom, and insisted upon his Latin being done,—she helping him,—Aunt Hilary scolded him well, and bound him over to keep the peace towards the new servant.

"But she is such a queer one. Exactly like a South Sea Islander. When she stood with her grim, stolid despairing countenance, contemplating the coals—O Aunt Hilary, how killing she was!"

And the regular, rollicking, irresistible boy-laugh broke out again.

"She will be great fun. Is she really to stay?"

"I hope so," said Hilary, trying to be grave. "I hope never again to see Aunt Johanna cleaning the stairs, and getting up to light the fire of winter mornings, as she will do, if we have not a servant to do it for her. Don't you see, Ascott?"

"Oh, I see," answered the boy carelessly. "But don't bother me, please. Domestic affairs are for women, not men." Ascott was eighteen, and just about to pass out of his caterpillar state as a doctor's apprentice-lad, into the chrysalis condition of a medical student in London. "But," with sudden reflection, "I hope she won't be in my way. Don't let her meddle with any of my books and things."

"No; you need not be afraid. I have put them all into your room. I myself cleared your rubbish out of the box-closet—"

"The box-closet! Now, really, I can't stand—"

"She is to sleep in the box-closet; where else could she sleep?" said Hilary, resolutely, though inly quaking a little; for, somehow, the merry, handsome, rather exacting lad had acquired considerable influence in this household of women. "You must put up with the loss of your 'den,' Ascott: it would be a great shame if you did not, for the sake of Aunt Johanna, and the rest of us."

"Um!" grumbled the boy, who, though he was not a bad fellow at heart, had a boy's dislike to "putting up" with the slightest inconvenience. "Well, it won't last long. I shall be off shortly. What a jolly life I'll

have in London, Aunt Hilary! I'll see Mr. Lyon there too."

"Yes," said Aunt Hilary, briefly, returning to Dido and Æneas,—humble and easy Latin for a student of eighteen; but Ascott was not a brilliant boy, and being apprenticed early, his education had been much neglected, till Mr. Lyon came as usher to the Stowbury grammar-school, and happening to meet and take an interest in him, taught him and his Aunt Hilary Latin, Greek, and mathematics together, of evenings.

I shall make no mysteries here. Human nature is human nature all the world over. A tale without love in it would be unnatural, unreal, in fact a simple lie; for there are no histories and no lives without love in them; if there could be, heaven pity and pardon them, for they would be mere abortions of humanity.

Thank heaven, we, most of us, do not philosophize: we only live. We like one another, we hardly know why; we love one another, we still less know why. If on the day she first saw—in church it was—Mr. Lyon's grave, heavy-browed, somewhat severe face; for he was a Scotsman, and his sharp, strong Scotch features did look "hard," beside the soft, rosy, well-conditioned Saxon youth of Stowbury; if on that Sunday any one had told Hilary Leaf that the face of this stranger was to be the one face of her life, stamped upon brain and heart and soul with a vividness that no other impressions were strong enough to efface, and retained there with a tenacity that no vicissitudes of time, or place, or fortunes had power to alter, Hilary would, yes, I think she would, have quietly kept looking on. She would have accepted her lot, such as it was, with its shine and shade, its joy and its anguish: it came to her without her seeking, as most of the solemn things in life do; and whatever it brought with it, it could have come from no other source than that from which all high and holy and pure loves ever must come—the will and permission of God.

Mr. Lyon himself requires no long description. In his first visit he had told Miss Leaf all about himself that there was to be known: that he was, as they were, a poor teacher, who had altogether "made

himself," as so many Scotch students do. His father, whom he scarcely remembered, had been a small Ayrshire farmer; his mother was dead, and he had never had either brother or sister.

Seeing how clever Miss Hilary was, and how much as a schoolmistress she would need all the education she could get, he had offered to teach her along with her nephew; and she and Johanna were only too thankful for the advantage. But during the teaching, he had also taught her another thing, which neither had contemplated at the time—to respect him with her whole soul, and to love him with her whole heart.

Over this simple fact let no more be now said. Hilary said nothing. She recognized it herself as soon as he was gone; a plain, sad, solemn truth which there was no deceiving herself did not exist, even had she wished its non-existence. Perhaps Johanna also found it out, in her darling's extreme paleness and unusual quietness for awhile; but she, too, said nothing. Mr. Lyon wrote regularly to Ascott, and once or twice to her, Miss Leaf; but though every one knew that Hilary was his particular friend in the whole family, he did not write to Hilary. He had departed rather suddenly, on account of some plan which, he said, affected his future very considerably; but which, though he was in the habit of telling them his affairs, he did not further explain. Still Johanna knew he was a good man, and though no man could be quite good enough for her darling,—she liked him, she trusted him.

What Hilary felt none knew. But she was very girlish in some things; and her life was all before her, full of infinite hope. By and by her color returned, and her merry voice and laugh were heard about the house just as usual.

This being the position of affairs, it was not surprising that after Ascott's last speech Hilary's mind wandered from Dido and Æneas, to vague listening, as the lad began talking of his grand future—the future of a medical student, all expenses being paid by his godfather, Mr. Ascott, the merchant, of Russell Square, once a shop-boy of Stowbury. Nor was it unnatural that all Ascott's anticipations of London resolved themselves, in his aunt's eyes, into the one fact that he would "see Mr. Lyon."

But in telling thus much about her mistresses, I have, for the time being, lost sight of Elizabeth Hand.

Left to herself, the girl stood for a minute or two looking around her in a confused manner, then, rousing her faculties, began mechanically to obey the order with which her mistress had quitted the kitchen, and to wash up the tea-things. She did it in a fashion that, if seen, would have made Miss Leaf thankful the ware was only the common set, and not the cherished china belonging to former days: still she did it, noisily it is true, but actively, as if her heart were in her work. Then she took a candle and peered about her new domains.

These were small enough, at least they would have seemed so to other eyes than Elizabeth's; for, until the schoolroom and box-closet above had been kindly added by the landlord, who would have done anything to show his respect for the Misses Leaf, it had been merely a six-roomed cottage—parlor, kitchen, back-kitchen, and three upper chambers. It was a very cozy house notwithstanding, and it seemed to Elizabeth's eyes a perfect palace.

For several minutes more she stood and contemplated her kitchen, with the fire shining on the round oaken stand in the centre, and the large wooden-bottomed chairs, and the loud-ticking clock with its tall case, the inside of which, with its pendulum and weights, had been a perpetual mystery and delight, first to Hilary's, and then to Ascott's childhood. Then there was the sofa, large and ugly, but oh! so comfortable, with its faded, flowered chintz, washed and worn for certainly twenty years. And over all, Elizabeth's keen observation was attracted by a queer machine apparently made of thin rope and bits of wood, which hung up to the hooks on the ceiling, an old-fashioned baby's swing. Finally, her eye dwelt with content on the blue and red diamond-tiled floor, so easily swept and mopped, and (only Elizabeth did not think of that, for her hard childhood had been all work and no play) so beautiful to whip tops upon! Hilary and Ascott, condoling together over the new servant, congratulated themselves that their delight in this occupation had somewhat faded, though it was really not so many years ago since one of the former's pupils, coming suddenly out of

the schoolroom, had caught her in the act of whipping a meditative top round this same kitchen-floor.

Meantime, Elizabeth penetrated farther, investigating the back-kitchen, with its various conveniences; especially the pantry, every shelf of which was so neatly arranged and so beautifully clean. Apparently this neatness impressed the girl with a sense of novelty and curiosity; and though she could hardly be said to meditate,—her mind was not sufficiently awakened for that,—still, as she stood at the kitchen fire, a slight thoughtfulness deepened the expression of her face, and made it less dull and heavy than it had at first appeared.

"I wonder which on 'em does it all? They must work pretty hard, I reckon; and two of them's such little uns."

She stood a while longer; for sitting down appeared to be to Elizabeth as new a proceeding as thinking; then she went upstairs, still literally obeying orders, to shut windows and pull down blinds, at night-fall. The bedrooms were small, and insufficiently, nay shabbily, furnished; but the floors were spotless—ah, poor Johanna! and the sheets, though patched and darned to the last extremity, were white and whole. Nothing was dirty, nothing untidy. There was no attempt at picturesque poverty—for whatever novelists may say, poverty cannot be picturesque; but all things were decent and in order. The house, poor as it was, gave the impression of belonging to "real ladies;" ladies who thought no manner of work beneath them, and who, whatever they had to do, took the pains to do it as well as possible.

Mrs. Hand's roughly-brought-up daughter had never been in such a house before, and her examination of every new corner of it seemed quite a revelation. Her own little sleeping nook was fully as tidy and comfortable as the rest, which fact was not lost upon Elizabeth. That bright look of mingled softness and intelligence—the only thing which beautified her rugged face—came into the girl's eyes as she "turned down" the truckle-bed, and felt the warm blankets and sheets, new and rather coarse, but neatly sewed.

"Her's made 'em hersel', I reckon. La!" Which of her mistresses the "her" referred to, remained unspecified; but Elizabeth,

spurred to action by some new idea, went briskly back into the bedrooms, and looked about to see if there was anything she could find to do. At last, with a sudden inspiration, she peered into a washstand, and found there an empty ewer. Taking it in one hand and the candle in the other, she ran downstairs.

Fatal activity! Hilary's pet cat, startled from sleep on the kitchen-hearth, at the same instant ran wildly up-stairs; there was a start—a stumble—and then down came the candle, the ewer, Elizabeth, and all.

It was an awful crash. It brought every member of the family to see what was the matter.

"What has the girl broken?" cried Selina.

"Where has she hurt herself?" anxiously added Johanna.

Hilary said nothing, but ran for a light and then picked up first the servant, then the candle, and then the fragments of crockery.

"Why, it's my ewer, my favorite ewer, and it's all smashed to bits, and I never can match it. You careless, clumsy, good-for-nothing creature!"

"Please, Selina," whispered her distressed elder sister.

"Very well, Johanna; you are the mistress, I suppose? why don't you speak to your servant!"

Miss Leaf, in an humbled, alarmed way, first satisfied herself that no bodily injury had been sustained by Elizabeth, and then asked her how this disaster had happened? for a serious disaster she felt it was. Not only was the present loss annoying, but a servant with a talent for crockery-breaking would be a far too expensive luxury for them to think of retaining. And she had been listening in the solitude of the parlor to a long lecture from her always dissatisfied younger sister, on the great doubts Selina had about Elizabeth's "suiting."

"Come now," seeing the girl hesitated, "tell me the plain truth. How was it?"

"It was the cat!" sobbed Elizabeth.

"What a barefaced falsehood!" exclaimed Selina.

"You wicked girl, how could it possibly be the cat? Do you know you are telling a lie, and that lies are hateful, and that all liars go to —"

"Nonsense; hush!" interrupted Hilary, rather sharply, for Selina's "tongue," the terror of her childhood, now merely annoyed her. Selina's temper was a long understood household fact—they did not much mind it, knowing her bark was worse than her bite—but it was provoking that she should exhibit herself so soon before the new servant.

The latter first looked up at the lady with simple surprise: then as, in spite of the other two, Miss Selina worked herself up into a downright passion, and unlimited abuse fell upon the victim's devoted head, Elizabeth's manner changed. After one dogged repetition of, "It was the cat," not another word could be got out of her. She stood, her eyes fixed on the kitchen floor, her brows knitted, and her under-lip pushed out,—the very picture of sullenness. Young as she was, Elizabeth evidently had like her unfortunate mistress, "a temper of her own"—a spiritual deformity that some people are born with, as others with hare-lip or club-foot; only, unlike these, it may be conquered; though the battle is long and sore, sometimes ending only with life.

It had plainly never commenced with poor Elizabeth Hand. Her appearance, as she stood under the flood of sharp words poured out upon her, was absolutely repulsive. Even Miss Hilary turned away, and began to think it would have been easier to teach all day and do house-work half the night, than have the infliction of a servant—to say nothing of the disgrace of seeing Selina's "peculiarities" so exposed before a stranger.

She knew of old that to stop the torrent was impracticable. The only chance was to let Selina expend her wrath and retire, and then to take some quiet opportunity of explaining to Elizabeth that sharp language was only "her way," and must be put up with. Humiliating as this was, and fatal to domestic authority, that the first thing to be taught a new servant was to "put up with" one of her mistresses, still there was no alternative. Hilary had already foreboded and made up her mind to such a possibility, but she had hoped it would not occur the very first evening.

It did, however, and its climax was worse than she anticipated. Whether, irritated by the intense sullenness of the girl, Selina's

temper was worse than usual; or whether, as is always the case with people like her, something else had vexed her, and she vented it upon the first cause of annoyance that occurred, certain it is that her tongue went on unchecked till it failed from sheer exhaustion. And then, as she flung herself on the sofa—oh, sad mischance! she caught sight of her nephew standing at the school-room door, grinning with intense delight, and making faces at her behind her back.

It was too much. The poor lady had no more words left to scold with; but she rushed up to Ascott, and, big lad as he was, she soundly boxed his ears.

On this terrible climax let the curtain fall.

CHAPTER II.

COMMON as were the small feuds between Ascott and his Aunt Selina, they seldom reached such a catastrophe as that described in my last chapter. Hilary had to fly to the rescue, and literally drag the furious lad back into the schoolroom, while Johanna, pale and trembling, persuaded Selina to quit the field, and go and lie down. This was not difficult; for the instant she saw what she had done, how she had disgraced herself and insulted her nephew, Selina felt sorry. Her passion ended in a gush of "nervous" tears, under the influence of which she was led up-stairs, and put to bed, almost like a child,—the usual termination of these pitiful outbreaks.

For the time nobody thought of Elizabeth. The hapless cause of all stood "spectatress of the fray," beside her kitchen fire. What she thought history saith not. Whether in her own rough home she was used to see brothers and sisters quarrelling, and mothers boxing their children's ears, cannot be known; whether she was or was not surprised to see the same proceedings among ladies and gentlemen, she never betrayed; but certain it is, that the little servant became uncommonly serious; yes, serious rather than sulky, for her "black" looks vanished gradually, as soon as Miss Selina left the kitchen.

On the re-appearance of Miss Hilary it had quite gone. But Hilary took no notice of her; she was in search of Johanna, who, shaking and cold with agitation, came slowly down-stairs.

"Is she gone to bed?"

"Yes; my dear. It was the best thing for her; she is not at all well to-day."

Hilary's lip curled a little, but she replied not a word. She had not the patience with Selina that Johanna had. She drew her elder sister into the little parlor, placed her in the arm-chair, shut the door, came and sat beside her, and took her hand.

Johanna pressed it, shed a quiet tear or two, and wiped them away. Thenthe two sisters remained silent, with hearts sad and sore.

Every family has its skeleton in the house; this was theirs. Whether they acknowledged it or not, they knew quite well that every discomfort they had, every slight jar which disturbed the current of household peace, somehow or other originated in "poor Selina." They often called her "poor" with a sort of pity—not unneeded, Heaven knows! for if the unhappy are to be pitied, ten times more so are those who make others miserable.

This was Selina's case, and had been all her life. And, sometimes, she herself knew it. Sometimes, after an especially bad outbreak, her compunction and remorse would be almost as terrible as her passion; forcing her sisters to make every excuse for her; she "did not mean it," it was only "ill health," or "nerves," or her "unfortunate way of taking things."

But they knew in their hearts that not all their poverty, and the toils it entailed, not all the hardships and humiliations of their changed estate, were half so bitter to bear as this something—no moral crime, and yet in its results as fatal as crime—which they called Selina's "way."

Ascott was the only one who did not attempt to mince matters. When a little boy he had openly declared he hated Aunt Selina; when he grew up he as openly defied her; and it was a most difficult matter to keep even decent peace between them. Hilary's wrath had never gone further than wishing Selina was married; that appearing the easiest way to get rid of her. Latterly she had ceased this earnest aspiration; it might be, because, learning to think more seriously of marriage, she felt that a woman who is no blessing in her own household, is never likely much to bless a husband's; and that, looking still farther forward, it was on the whole a mercy of Providence which made Selina not the mother of children.

Yet her not marrying had been somewhat a surprise; for she had been attractive in her day; handsome and agreeable in society. But perhaps for all that, the sharp eye of the opposite sex had discovered the cloven foot; since, though she had received various promising attentions, poor Selina had never had an offer. Nor fortunately had she ever been known to care for anybody; she was one of those women who would have married as a matter of course, but who never would have been guilty of the weakness of falling in love. There seemed small probability of shipping her off, to carry into a new household the restlessness, the fretfulness, the captious fault-finding with others, the readiness to take offence at what was done and said to herself, which made poor Selina Leaf the unacknowledged grief and torment of her own.

Her two sisters sat silent. What was the use of talking? It would be only going over and over again the old thing; trying to ease and shift a little the long-familiar burden, which they knew must be borne. Nearly every household has, near or remote, some such burden, which Heaven only can lift off or help to bear. And sometimes, looking round the world outside, these two congratulated themselves, in a half sort of way, that theirs was as light as it was; that Selina was, after all, a well-meaning, well-principled woman, and, in spite of her little tempers, really fond of her family, as she truly was, at least as fond as a nature which has its centre in self can manage to be.

Only when Hilary looked, as to-night, into her eldest sister's pale face, where year by year the lines were deepening, and saw how every agitation such as the present shook her more and more,—she who ought to have a quiet life and a cheerful home, after so many hard years,—then Hilary, fierce in the resistance of her youth, felt as if what she could have borne for herself she could not bear for Johanna, and, at the moment, sympathized with Ascott in actually "hating" Aunt Selina.

"Where is that boy? He ought to be spoken to," Johanna said at length, rising wearily.

"I have spoken to him; I gave him a good scolding. He is sorry, and promises never to be so rude again."

"Oh, no; not till the next time," replied

Miss Leaf, hopelessly. "But, Hilary," with a sudden consternation, "what are we to do about Elizabeth?"

The younger sister had thought of that. She had turned over in her mind all the pros and cons, the inevitable "worries" that would result from the presence of an additional member of the family, especially one from whom the family-skeleton could not be hid, to whom it was already only too fatally revealed.

But Hilary was a clear-headed girl, and she had the rare faculty of seeing things as they really were, undistorted by her own likings or dislikings,—in fact, without reference to herself at all. She perceived plainly that Johanna ought not to do the housework, that Selina would not, and that she could not,—*ergo*, they must keep a servant. Better, perhaps, a small servant, over whom they could have the same influence as over a child, than one older and more independent, who would irritate her mistresses at home, and chatter of them abroad. Besides, they had promised Mrs. Hand to give her daughter a fair trial. For a month, then, Elizabeth was bound to stay; afterwards, time would show. It was best not to meet troubles half-way.

This explained, in Hilary's cheerful voice, seemed greatly to re-assure and comfort her sister.

"Yes, love, you are right; she must remain her month out, unless she does something very wrong. Do you think that really was a lie she told?"

"About the cat? I don't quite know what to think. Let us call her and put the question once more. Do you put it, Johanna. I don't think she could look at you, and tell you a story."

Other people, at sight of that sweet, grave face, its bloom faded, and hairs silvered long before their time, yet beautiful, with an almost childlike simplicity, and childlike peace,—most other people would have been of Hilary's opinion.

"Sit down; I'll call her. Dear me, Johanna, we shall have to set up a bell as well as a servant, unless we had managed to combine the two."

But Hilary's harmless little joke failed to make her sister smile; and the entrance of the girl seemed to excite positive apprehension. How was it possible to make excuse to a servant for her mistress' shortcomings?

how scold for ill-doing this young girl, to whom, ere she had been a night in the house, so bad an example had been set? Johanna half expected Elizabeth to take a leaf out of Selina's book, and begin abusing herself and Hilary.

No; she stood very sheepish, very uncomfortable, but not in the least bold or sulky,—on the whole, looking rather penitent and humble.

Her mistress took courage.

"Elizabeth, I want you to tell me the truth about that unfortunate breakage. Don't be afraid. I had rather you broke everything in the house than have told me what was not true."

"It *was* true; it was the cat."

"How could that be possible? You were coming down-stairs with the ewer in your hand."

"Her got under my feet, and threw me down, and so I tumbled, and smashed the thing agin the floor."

The Misses Leaf glanced at each other. This version of the momentous event was probable enough, and the girl's eager, honest manner gave internal confirmatory evidence pretty strong.

"I am sure she is telling the truth," said Hilary. "And remember what her mother said about her word being always reliable."

This reference was too much for Elizabeth. She burst out, not into actual crying, but into a smothered choke.

"If you donnot believe me, missis, I'd rather go home to mother."

"I do believe you," said Miss Leaf, kindly; then waited till the pinafore, used as a pocket-handkerchief, had dried up grief and restored composure.

"I can quite well understand the accident now; and I am sure if you had put it as plainly at first, my sister would have understood it too. She was very much annoyed, and no wonder. She will be equally glad to find she was mistaken."

Here Miss Leaf paused, somewhat puzzled how to express what she felt it her duty to say, so as to be comprehended by the servant, and yet not let down the dignity of the family. Hilary came to her aid.

"Miss Selina is sometimes hasty: but she means kindly always. You must take care not to vex her, Elizabeth; and you must never answer her back again, however

sharply she speaks. It is not your business; you are only a child, and she is your mistress."

"Is he? I thought it was this 'un."

The subdued clouding of Elizabeth's face, and her blunt pointing to Miss Leaf as "this 'un," were too much for Hilary's gravity. She was obliged to retreat to the press, and begin an imaginary search for a book.

"Yes, I am the eldest, and I suppose you may consider me specially as your mistress," said Johanna simply. "Remember always to come to me in any difficulty; and, above all, to tell me everything outright, as soon as it happens. I can forgive you almost any fault, if you are truthful and honest; but there is one thing I never could forgive, and that is deception. Now go with Miss Hilary, and she will teach you how to make the porridge for supper."

Elizabeth obeyed silently; she had apparently a great gift for silence. And she was certainly both obedient and willing; not stupid, either, though a nervousness of temperament which Hilary was surprised to find in so big and coarse-looking a girl, made her rather awkward at first. However, she succeeded in pouring out, and carrying into the parlor, without accident, three platefuls of that excellent condiment which formed the frugal supper of the family; but which they ate, I grieve to say, in an orthodox southern fashion, with sugar or treacle, until Mr. Lyon—greatly horrified thereby—had instituted his national custom of "supping" porridge with milk.

It may be a very unsentimental thing to confess, but Hilary, who even at twenty was rather practical than poetical, never made the porridge without thinking of Robert Lyon, and the day when he first stayed to supper, and ate it, or as he said, and was very much laughed at, ate "them" with such infinite relish. Since then, whenever he came, he always asked for his porridge, saying it carried him back to his childish days. And Hilary, with that curious pleasure that women take in waiting upon any one unto whom the heart is ignorantly beginning to own the allegiance, humble yet proud, of Miranda to Ferdinand—

"To be your fellow

You may deny me; but I'll be your servant
Whether you will or no."

Hilary contrived always to make his supper herself.

Those pleasant days were now over; Mr. Lyon was gone. As she stood alone over the kitchen-fire, she thought—as now and then she let herself think for a minute or two in her busy prosaic life—of that August night, standing at the front door, of his last "good-by," and last hand-clasp, tight, warm, and firm; and somehow she, like Johanna, trusted in him.

Not exactly in his love; it seemed almost impossible that he should love her, at least till she grew much more worthy of him than now; but in himself, that he would never be less himself, less thoroughly good and true than now. That, some time, he would be sure to come back again, and take up his old relations with them, brightening their dull life with his cheerfulness; infusing in their feminine household the new element of a clear, strong, energetic, manly will, which sometimes made Johanna say that instead of twenty-five the young man might be forty; and, above all, bringing into their poverty the silent sympathy of one who had fought his own battle with the world—a hard one, too, as his face sometimes showed—though he never said much about it.

Of the results of this pleasant relation—whether she, being the only truly marriageable person in the house, Robert Lyon intended to marry her, or was expected to do so, or that society would think it a very odd thing if he did not do so—this unsophisticated Hilary never thought at all. If he had said to her that the present state of things was to go on forever; she to remain always Hilary Leaf, and he Robert Lyon, the faithful friend of the family, she would have smiled in his face and been perfectly satisfied.

True, she had never had anything to drive away the smile from that innocent face; no vague jealousies aroused; no maddening rumors afloat in the small world that was his and theirs. Mr. Lyon was grave and sedate in all his ways; he never paid the slightest attention to, or expressed the slightest interest in, any woman whatsoever.

And so this hapless girl loved him—just himself; without the slightest reference to his "connections," for he had none; or his "prospects," which, if he had any, she did

not know of. Alas! to practical and prudent people I can offer no excuse for her; except, perhaps, what Shakspeare gives in the creation of his poor Miranda.

When the small servant re-entered the kitchen, Hilary, with a half sigh, shook off her dreams, called Ascott out of the school-room, and returned to the work-a-day world and the family supper.

This being ended, seasoned with a few quiet words administered to Ascott, and which on the whole he took pretty well, it was nearly ten o'clock.

"Far too late to have kept up such a child as Elizabeth; we must not do it again," said Miss Leaf, taking down the large Bible with which she was accustomed to conclude the day,—Ascott's early hours at school and their own housework making it difficult of mornings. Very brief the reading was, sometimes not more than half a dozen verses, with no comment thereon; she thought the Word of God might safely be left to expound itself. Being a very humble-minded woman, she did not feel qualified to lead long devotional "exercises," and she disliked formal written prayers. So she merely read the Bible to her family, and said after it the Lord's Prayer.

But, constitutionally shy as Miss Leaf was, to do even this in presence of a stranger cost her some effort; and it was only a sense of duty that made her say "yes" to Hilary's suggestion, "I suppose we ought to call in Elizabeth."

Elizabeth came.

"Sit down," said her mistress; and she sat down, staring uneasily round about her, as if wondering what was going to befall her next. Very silent was the little parlor; so small, that it was almost filled up by its large square piano, its six cane-bottomed chairs, and one easy-chair, in the which sat Miss Leaf, with the great Book in her lap.

"Can you read, Elizabeth?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Hilary, give her a Bible."

And so Elizabeth followed, guided by her not too clean finger, the words, read in that soft low voice, somewhere out of the New Testament; words simple enough for the comprehension of a child or a heathen. The "South Sea Islander," as Ascott long persisted in calling her, then, doing as the family did, turned round to kneel down; but in her confusion she knocked over a chair, causing Miss Leaf to wait a minute till reverent silence was restored. Elizabeth knelt, with her eyes fixed on the wall: it was a green paper, patterned with bunches of nuts. How far she listened, or how much she understood, it was impossible to say; but her manner was decent and decorous.

"*Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those that trespass against us.*" Unconsciously Miss Leaf's gentle voice rested on these words, so needed in the daily life of every human being, and especially of every family. Was she the only one who thought of "poor Selina"?

They all rose from their knees, and Hilary put the Bible away. The little servant "hung about," apparently uncertain what was next to be done, or what was expected of her to do. Hilary touched her sister.

"Yes," said Miss Leaf, recollecting herself, and assuming the due authority, "it is quite time for all the family to be in bed. Take care of your candle, and mind and be up at six to-morrow morning."

This was addressed to the new maiden, who dropped a courtesy, and said, almost cheerfully, "Yes, ma'am."

"Very well. Good-night, Elizabeth."

And following Miss Leaf's example, the other two, even Ascott, said civilly and kindly, "Good-night, Elizabeth."

Messiah as Foretold and Expected. By E. Harold Browne, B.D., Norrisian Professor of Divinity. Cambridge: Deighton.

THE object of these "Four Sermons before the University" is to show that upon the subject of Messianic prophecy we have the testimony of Jews in our favor—that is to say, they

interpreted these prophecies as spoken of a Messiah to come, and modern Jews, although unwillingly, admit that it was so. The reader will see the bearing of this argument. The sermons are clear and forcible, and manifest, as would be supposed, learning and research.—*The Press.*

From The London Review.

THE LEADBEATER PAPERS.*

NO more attractive picture of the domestic side of Quakerism has ever been presented to the outer world, than that which is contained in these volumes. In the year 1726, a Yorkshire "Friend," named Abraham Shackleton, established a little school at Ballitore, a quiet village in county Kildare. His good qualities were conspicuous, his pupils numerous and distinguished, and the school in course was transmitted to his son Richard, and remained, with a single short intermission, for upwards of a century as a family possession. Richard, though a strict supporter of his sect, was a man of enlarged understanding and refined tastes, and had acquired at Trinity College, Dublin, a familiarity with classical authors, which, though offensive to the tender consciences of some of his co-religionists, was of course of the greatest service to him in the work of education. His daughter Mary inherited his energy, cheerfulness, and versatility, and it is to her keen and humorous observation that we are indebted for an extremely graphic sketch of village life in the "Annals of Ballitore." These extend from the year 1766 to 1824, two years before her death, and consist almost exclusively of little pieces of country gossip, family recollections, or such traits of character, as the necessarily limited range of Miss Shackleton's acquaintance gave her the opportunity of observing. The theory of family life was carried out more successfully in the Ballitore school than is often the case, and the master's children and pupils grew up in terms of affectionate intimacy. One of these childish acquaintances ripened into a permanent attachment, and, in 1791, Mary Shackleton was married to William Leadbeater, a descendant of a Huguenot family, who had been entrusted as an orphan to her father's care. The tastes of both were for a quiet existence; Mr. Leadbeater took to farming and so secured a moderate competence, while his wife kept up an intercourse with a number of interesting friends, Crabbe the poet and Mrs. R. Trench among the number, and produced a succession of

* The Annals of Ballitore, with a Memoir of the Author; letters from Edmund Burke and the Correspondence of Mrs. R. Trench and Rev. G. Crabbe with Mary Leadbeater. London: Bell & Daldy. 1862.

little poems, of more than average excellence, and several essays, tales, and dialogues, illustrative of Irish peasantry, or intended for the edification of her poorer neighbors. Of these the "Annals of Ballitore" are the most deserving of attention, as a capital piece of miniature drawing. The area is a very small one, but everything within it is finished with delicacy and truthfulness. The details are so minute that not one person in a hundred would have thought of noticing them, but once noticed, we feel them to be amusing and picturesque. The lives of cottagers, school-children, and petty tradesmen have plenty of fun as well as pathos about them, if only some discerning genius detect and portray it; such people, in fact, are often better subjects for description than classes whose habits are more conventional and constrained, just as Wilkie would have preferred a village green or alehouse yard to a drawing-room full of ladies and gentlemen. Everybody at Ballitore was sufficiently intimate with everybody else to know and care about these affairs. "In so narrow a circle as ours," said Mrs. Leadbeater, "affection becomes twined with the tie of neighborhood, which adds exceedingly to its strength. We can imagine a state of society in which even the temporary absence of a neighbor causes a shade of gloom, and his return a ray of sunshine; where the sickness or misfortune of one is felt by sympathy through the whole body; where the shopkeepers live in unaffected harmony, and lend and borrow goods for the wants of their customers, instead of taking advantage of the scarcity of any particular article. All this we can imagine possible. In Ballitore it is the spirit of the place, and no wondering thought is even bestowed upon it." In this sociable little world Mrs. Leadbeater found quite enough to interest and entertain her. The oddities of her neighbors were noticed with the eye of a connoisseur. One of them was an old tailor, who, after becoming bedridden, turned schoolmaster, and used to summon his son Joseph from his tailor's board to inflict occasional chastisement on refractory pupils. Another was "Aunt Bridget," who, going home one windy night in her camlet riding-hood, was blown into the river, and floated down supported by her cloak. After her came Sarah

Braddock, an old lady employed, to mend the boys' stockings, and devoted to cats, geese, and sparrows, and who once, when one of the children broke her spectacles, disposed of his denial by declaring that "there was not another Christian in the nursery but himself and the cat." Then we have Mr. Joseph Wells, a village censor, with a large carbuncled nose, gold-laced hat and waistcoat, walking majestically up the street, smoking a long clay pipe, and poking his stick into everybody's pot to see what was to be the dinner of the day. Another notable personage was old Joan Roak, who had been in the siege of Limerick, and had nearly had her head carried off by a cannon-ball, as she sat by the hob watching her dinner being cooked, and who had escaped at last with her gold pieces crammed into the tuck of her petticoat and the high heels of her shoes. The strongest *esprit de corps* animated the whole community. Once, when an action was brought against Mr. Leadbeater, his victory was made a matter of public rejoicing. One old man who was locked into the mill, and so could not impart his feelings as he wished, had to content himself with opening the window and shouting to the passers-by, "Glory be to God, the master has gained," and Judy Coffee, the old female sexton, positively danced for joy. Here is a sketch of two old people setting out on a journey to visit their married daughter, eleven miles away: "As Joshua and Mary had never left home together for the last forty years, this undertaking was a most arduous one, and much arrangement was necessary, especially on the part of the anxious matron. The house is left to the care of Providence and the neighbors; three of the scholars have taken care of the pig; another has taken the chickens home with her; a bandbox, with two old bonnets, a trunk, and a bag, are lodged with Mary and Anne Doyle, and to my eldest daughter's care are committed the looking-glass and the 'Lady's Almanack,' with which she has been in the habit of amusing herself. Most of my family were assisting in seeing them off in a hired chaise, and before the village schoolmistress mounted, turning to her house, and raising her hands, she pronounced this benediction: 'May Goodness preserve my house till I come back!'" Another old woman in-

sisted on pulling down her cabin and building a smaller: when her friends expostulated, she enumerated the troubles she had met with in her old abode: "Was not my son smothered in his blood before he could say mother?" He was supposed to have broken a bloodvessel. "Was not my child, that was fit to be Duke of Leinster, scalded to death in a pot of potato water? Isn't my eldest son almost a cripple with a swelled knee?" Sometimes, moreover, the boys of the school afforded topics of conversation. Once there was a barring out. Henry Graham headed the insurgents; Abraham Shackleton, with a sledge-hammer, conducted the siege. Before long the garrison strove to capitulate. "They asked for a week's play. No. A day's play. No. An evening's play. No. Pardon for their fault. No. Graham snapped a pistol, which missed fire." Then came the hour of retribution: Graham was soundly flogged, and "was asked, was he sorry now? No. He was whipped again. Was he sorry? No. He was whipped again. Was he sorry? Yes; he was sorry the pistol had snapped fire." It is pleasant to learn that master and pupil became as firm friends as they had been resolute enemies. Graham entered the army, and as he led his men on at the battle of Fontenoy, cried out, "A ducat to any man who will make a pun." In the retreat, after the battle, he was struck by a cannon-ball and killed. Curious scenes between parents and children sometimes took place. One rough Connaught gentleman came to see his son: "The boy ran blubbering into his presence, dropped on his knees, and cried out, 'Your blessing, father.' The father, struggling with fond paternal emotion, replied, 'You have it, you dog.'"

During the troubles of 1798, the tranquillity of Ballitore was rudely broken in upon, first by a disorderly and brutal soldiery, and then by bands of marauders, who took the opportunity of political crises to carry out their schemes of plunder or revenge. The quiet habits of the Friends did not protect Mrs. Leadbeater and her family from much cruelty and suffering: several of their friends were cruelly murdered, much property was lost, and their house repeatedly broken into. Upon one or two occasions, however, the outrageous behavior of their unwelcome visitants seems

to have been checked by the gentle and pacific demeanor with which these inoffensive sufferers submitted to every indignity.

A second volume contains Mrs. Leadbeater's correspondence, and some letters from Burke to her father: many of these are written quite in his youth, and are strangely playful and foolish. Such witticisms as "a ρασκελλει watchman," and "δαμναβλιν ill," frequently recur: once he conceals a mock commission from Dulcinea to his friend, to visit the court of King Chrononhotonthologus, at Scarecroania, and to defy a grim giant, called Hurliothrumbo, and the magician of the country, Kallistopocomeno, of the Square Cap. At this time he seems to have known little of his own powers or real character. "What would I not give," he writes "to have my spirits a little more settled! I am too giddy; this is the bane of my life; it hurries me from my studies to trifles, and I am afraid it will hinder me from knowing anything thoroughly. I have a superficial knowledge of many things, but scarce the bottom of any." Burke was very kind to Mrs. Leadbeater in her youth, and wrote, in a tone of grateful flattery, to acknowledge some verses, in which she had depicted Beaconsfield. "They make us all," he says, "feel a little more proud of ourselves and of our situation. For my part, I will not complain, that when you have drawn a beautiful landscape you have put an old friend of your father's as a figure in the foreground." Some of the most pleasing letters are from Mrs. Trench. Nothing can be more graceful than the manner in which these two ladies, starting from such different points, meet on the common ground of good taste and benevolence. Mrs. Leadbeater, though criticising Moore, Byron, and thirsting for news of the great world, is still the thorough quakeress. "I have not read the 'Story of Rimini,'" she writes, "but I do not like the story. There is something very revolting in the idea of a woman lov-

ing another man better than her husband, and this makes me look upon 'Zeluco' as a dangerous book. Hast thou not traced the source of the many divorces in the reading of the present day, perverting the young uncultivated mind?" Mrs. Trench, on the other hand, sends her an amusing mixture of fashionable gossip, charitable schemes, quotations from Madame de Sévigné, and *bons mots* of London drawing-rooms. She tells her of new books, of the doings of the court, of the misbehavior of the regent. Here is a good letter from Dr. Parr, to a lady: "Madam,—You are a very charming woman, and I should be happy to obtain you as a wife. If you accept my proposal I will tell you who was the author of Junius' Letters." It is pleasant to know that the tempting offer was not refused, and that Dr. Parr soon afterwards became a husband. Mrs. Trench had an estate at Ballybarney, and devoted much time and thought to the improvement of her tenantry. Mrs. Leadbeater became her intimate friend, and was often agent of her charity. Both ladies had a great turn for such matters, and grow extremely confidential over "soup and sailor schemes," friendly societies, evening schools, and prize gardens. The correspondence with Crabbe is less natural and easy and consequently less pleasing. He tells her that she is "a naughty flatterer," and the accusation might have been returned on her part with equal justice. The acquaintance, however, which began by Mrs. Leadbeater introducing herself and urging the poet to fresh exertions, ripened by degrees into a genuine friendship, and the letters which they interchanged, if unnecessarily polite, attest, at any rate, the good-nature of the poet, and the literary enthusiasm of his admirer. They should be studied by all who imagine that all "Friends" are necessarily ignorant fanatics, or that a lady in a poke bonnet and gray silk cloak may not be a critic and wit, as well as a philanthropist."

From The Spectator, 9 Aug.

AMERICAN CONSERVATISM.

THERE is no more striking characteristic of different races than their apparent capacity or incapacity to revert to the great fundamental principles from which all political life springs. We sometimes taunt the French with their much too distinguished capacity for this process, and remind them that a tree which is always being cut down and sometimes rooted up in order to stimulate its growth, will some day cease to grow altogether. We boast ourselves of our very different nature,—of our historical temperament which accepts so wisely the constitutional assumptions on which the State is founded, and while striving to improve the external conditions of its growth, avoids any irreverent meddling with its hidden roots. And no doubt this boast is not without strong justification. But there is a great danger, too, inherent in this practical temperament, this reluctance to start afresh from any ground of first principles, which was never more strikingly exemplified than in the present condition of American politics. All healthy political constitutions are like standard flowers; a graft of artificial culture is united to a wild stock, which thenceforth is never allowed to send forth any fresh life, except through the engrafted head. And the curious thing with the American Constitution is, that though the wild stock seemed one of uncommon vigor, embodying principles that had no affinity at all with the organization of the graft, and, indeed, were adapted vitally to modify that organization,—though, moreover, the graft has produced many cankered and unsightly blossoms—yet, in spite of this, the vitality of the artificial graft has dominated so completely over the vitality of the stock, that there is scarcely any visible shoot direct from the stem itself,—no vestige of a disposition to return to the wild original nature, from these prolific but hideous fruits of constitutional art.

There never was a moment when this fact seemed more striking and more extraordinary than the present. The American Constitution took for its stock the principle of human liberty and political equality. This furnished the sap to the whole organization,—or was supposed to do so. But the Constitution engrafted upon this stock made one memorable exception, and the blight which

has resulted was the consequence. Well, when this blight grew at last into a deadly peril and mortal disease, one would have thought that the old principle would have re-asserted itself, in order to throw off that disease. Now, for more than a year and a quarter, the great Republic has been seeing the ripening fruits of that one malignant germ in the Constitution; and the curious thing is, that this matured fruit of rebellion has certainly impressed them with far more political dislike to slavery than they would ever have learned to entertain from any sympathy with the principle on which their Constitution was based. Even now, even after they have tasted the ripened fruit, they seem to feel no new sense of the fatal and malignant character of the inconsistency of which they were guilty. Even now they do not recur with any enthusiasm to the principle of their Declaration of Independence, and accuse themselves and their fathers of the miseries of the present contest. No; if they are convinced at all, as they perhaps will be convinced, it will be of the constitutional *impolicy* of the course pursued, not of its moral injustice. The whole battle will still be fought, indeed is being fought, on constitutional grounds. They still go back only to the charter of the Union:—beyond that they seem as unable even to *think* back, as if that charter had been an *a priori* form of the American mind. If they root out slavery in the States that still remain, it will be because it has been a blight on the boasted Constitution, not because it violates the life-principle of the Constitution. They are literally “Know-nothings” with regard to anything deeper or more solemn than the document on which they have taken their stand for eighty years.

Mr. Lincoln is American enough to think in this way himself. He embodied the idea not long ago in an exceedingly moderate Message to Congress. He pointed out that the Union could never be strong without a substantial unity of principle,—that the same source of division which has broken asunder the North from the South would sooner or later break the tie between all States constituted on conflicting principles,—and that therefore no military success would be so fatal to the Southern cause as a measure which should finally identify the powerful Border States with the Northern Republic.

He proposed, therefore, to Congress, to sanction the principle of paying for the redemption of the slaves in loyal States, and proposed to the Border Slave States to express their willingness thus to throw in their cause finally with that of the Union. Congress passed the required resolution, but the majority of the Border State members voted against it. And now, quite recently, Mr. Lincoln has made a very urgent appeal to this important section of the representatives to place the question fairly before their constituents, and gain their assent, if possible, to this proposition. "You and I," said Mr. Lincoln, "know what the lever of their [the Secessionists'] power is. Break that lever before their faces, and they can shake you no more forever."

The argument was evidently not without its effect. These Border State members and their constituents cling to their slavery tenaciously. Even now they have no deep feeling that it is a flagrant violation of their own declaration of independence; but they are staggered by the force of the logic which shows that it has been fatal to the Union. For that artificial product of political wisdom they still have an immeasurable reverence. Even the majority of the Border members reply in effect to Mr. Lincoln, "Almost thou persuadest us to emancipate, —not because we see any reason why slavery is objectionable, but because, in matter of fact, it seems to have resulted ill for the Union." "We do not feel called on," they say, "to defend the institution, or to affirm it is one which ought to be cherished; perhaps, if we were to make the attempt, we might find that we differ among ourselves. It is enough for our purpose to know that it is a right, and so knowing, we do not see why we should have been expected to yield it." But yet, they say, they cannot help attaching some weight to Mr. Lincoln's appeal. "While differing from you as to the necessity of emancipating the slaves of our States as a means of putting down the rebellion, yet when you and our brethren of the loyal States sincerely believe that the retention of slavery by us is an obstacle to peace and national harmony, and are willing to contribute pecuniary aid to compensate our States and people for the inconveniences produced by such a change of system, we are not unwilling that our people shall consider the

propriety of putting it aside." This is the tone taken by twenty Border State members. The minority report, with seven signatures, is couched in a tone of emphatic assent to the President's wish, but entirely on the ground of political necessity, while the member from the partly revolted State of Tennessee puts his individual reply to the President in yet more definite language. "The whole of your administration," he says, "gives the highest assurance that you are moved not so much by a desire to see all men everywhere made free, as from a far higher desire to preserve free institutions for the benefit of men already free; not to make slaves free men, but to prevent free men from being made slaves; not to destroy an institution which a portion of us only consider bad, but to save institutions which we all alike consider good;" and, therefore, because Mr. Lincoln has *not* invoked the root idea of the Constitution, but only sought to preserve its fabric from decay, he gives his hearty assent to the proposition.

If we turn from the Border States and the official mind to the North in general, we see still no vestige of a rising enthusiasm for the principle that underlies the Constitution, though it is used by the Republican members in their address to justify an emancipation in defence of the Constitution. Even in this time of trial and one would suppose of excitement, American politics spring still from the same depth, and only from the same depth, as before—love for that definite though complicated document by which the political life of two generations has been moulded. We doubt if even the institution of slavery itself does not owe the complacency with which it is regarded in the North to the delicate recognition of "persons bound to service," which some of the clauses contain. The Constitution is a kind of false bottom to their political thought, which has been so long fixed there, that they look upon it as the ultimate foundation of all things. There is to us something very terrifying in this extraordinary capacity for embodying within two generations a highly artificial arrangement into the very essence of any national mind, and we are not sure that if we had to choose between the American faculty for refitting human nature with an entirely new basis, and the French faculty for plunging ever afresh into the depth of

revolutionary sentiment, we should not choose the latter. To be too sensitive to the fascination of profound political principles is dangerous; but to lose all impressibility to that fascination is to lose one of the great distinguishing features of man.

From The Spectator.

ROME AND ST. HELENA.

THERE is no charge which some people are so fond of bringing against others as that of ingratitude. Everybody who is unwilling to do just exactly what they wish is always asserted to be under a crushing load of obligations, which ought to make him eager to sacrifice all considerations to the paramount duty of serving their purposes. A generous spirit would suffer anything rather than condescend to tell over the benefits he had conferred to an unworthy recipient. An ungenerous one tells them over readily enough, but unhappily they are seldom appraised at so high a rate by disinterested lookers-on as by himself. A man very seldom is under anything like the obligations to another which the latter supposes. But it would be to do Cardinal Antonelli an injustice to suppose that when, some six months ago, he wrote that unhappy taunt which vaunted the services that the papal court had rendered to the Buonaparte family after 1815, he was the dupe of an ecclesiastical tradition. Rather probably it was the vanity of the writer, who cannot refrain from a telling repartee, or the recklessness of an advocate who must justify at any cost the conduct of his client. But whatever was the motive, the assertion itself must have since been bitterly regretted. From every quarter antagonists have arisen, and a mass of documentary evidence from innumerable sources has been published, which has stripped all semblance of truth from the papal assertion, and has shown these "constant protectors" of the emperor and his family to have been their bitterest and subtlest foes. Among the most curious of these publications is a pamphlet recently published by M. Planat de la Faye. This officer, one of those who followed the emperor to the deck of the Bellerophon, after many vicissitudes, found himself, in July, 1820, the inhabitant of a villa at Trieste belonging to

one of the members of the Buonaparte family. Always anxious to join his master at St. Helena, he received a message from Madame de Montholon, who had just arrived in England, that his presence there was keenly desired by Napoleon. He at once wrote to Cardinal Fesch, who had been designated by the English Government as the sole channel through whom the emperor could communicate with his family, but the cardinal sent him a curt letter denying the authority of Madame de Montholon. In the April of the following year came a letter from Napoleon requiring a physician and secretary, instead of those whom the cardinal had sent him, and expressly desiring that his family should not be consulted in the choice of them; so entirely unfit for their posts were the persons whom they had selected. M. Planat was then accepted as secretary by Lord Bathurst, and was on the point of starting when the intelligence of Napoleon's death arrived. A few days later he received two letters from the Princess Pauline Borghese, the emperor's sister, which threw an extraordinary light on the relations to each other, at that time, of the different members of the imperial family.

The mother of the emperor, or, as she was called, Madame Mère and her brother, Cardinal Fesch, resided at Rome. Madame had fallen completely under the influence of her confessor, one of the officers of her household, named Colonna, and a German waiting-maid, whom the Princess Pauline roundly stigmatizes as a sorceress and a spy. This lady gave herself out to be inspired by the Holy Virgin, who, from time to time, appeared to her in a vision. The revelation which was vouchsafed to her was that all the letters of the emperor were forgeries of the English Government, who wished it to be believed that he was still at St. Helena. He had in reality been carried by angels into a sort of Valley of Avillion, where he enjoyed excellent health, and whence he constantly wrote letters to his mother, which, however, were always transmitted to her by the hands of the cardinal. Every effort was made to gain over the Princess Pauline and the father of the present Emperor of the French to the same belief, and they were not abandoned to their unspiritual disregard for the inspired waiting-maid until they began to mock at these holy mysteries and the be-

lievers in them. The return of the Abbé Buonavita from St. Helena produced some effect on Madame Mère, but none on the cardinal, although that honest but illiterate priest had been one of the secretaries whom he had himself selected for his nephew. A tremendous quarrel ensued. "Fortunately," says the Princess Pauline, "the abbé had a letter to be delivered into my own hands: otherwise everything would have been concealed from me." Indeed, for some two years the cardinal had actually suppressed all the emperor's letters.

That Madame Mère was a mere dupe throughout this period, cannot be reasonably doubted. Nine women out of ten, in their hearts, love priestcraft, and at Rome she was fooled to the top of her bent. She lived in an atmosphere of flattery and devotion, while the princes of the Church vied with each other in elevating her into a sort of Deborah, a mother in Israel. If she was not herself exactly a prophetess, at least they found her a waiting-maid, who was. Whether the same charitable construction can be put on the conduct of her brother, the cardinal, is, perhaps, something more than doubtful. His niece, in the two letters which M. Planat has published, certainly writes as if she regarded him as a dupe. "He is," she says, "almost infatuated on the subject (*en est presque fou*)." In a note appended to one of the passages which we have quoted above, M. Planat says, however, "Here, notwithstanding her reserve, the Princess Pauline allows her real opinion of the part played by her uncle to escape her." But the passage hardly bears out the note. The letters, so far from displaying any reserve, are singularly plainspoken, and we are disposed to think that if the princess had regarded her uncle as a traitor to her brother, she would have had no hesitation in saying so. A stronger argument is to be found in the character and antecedents of the cardinal. An obscure and unlearned priest, he had been raised by his nephew to the Archbishopric of Lyons, and the dignity of cardinal. A man of mean abilities, his head was turned by his unmerited elevation. An inveterate intriguer, and a thorough priest, the ties of family, country, and even common honesty were as nothing compared with the interests of his order. From the moment Napoleon aimed at the destruction

of the temporal power of the Pope, Cardinal Fesch became his enemy. Moreover, the cardinal was peculiarly under the influence of that species of gratitude which has been defined as a lively sense of favors that are to come. Napoleon had given him his archbishopric, but it needed papal and Austrian intercession to enable him to keep it. And dupe or traitor, in this at least, he completely succeeded. The reactionary party, says M. Planat, desired above all things to keep Napoleon isolated, and to surround him with men who were strangers alike to France and to his past. When Dr. O'Meara was recalled from St. Helena, the emperor requested that he might be replaced by a physician who had been previously in his service. A Monsieur Foureau, who had long enjoyed his confidence, was anxious to go. The cardinal refused his services on the plea that he wanted to take his wife with him—no very extravagant demand, one would think—and sent out instead a young Italian surgeon named Antomarchi. Napoleon also wrote for a priest capable of serving as a secretary, to whom he could dictate his memoirs. The cardinal sent out the Abbés Buonavita and Vignali, respectable men enough, but illiterate, and entirely ignorant of French. It is hard to believe that a man of this stamp, and a Roman priest withal, was the dupe of a lying waiting-maid whose visions told so monstrous a tale as the carrying off of the emperor by angels' hands. No doubt there was the precedent of the Holy House of Loretto. But surely, if angels are to be carrying people about, they would select a more saintly person than the sovereign who had declared the capital of the pope the second city of his empire. A still stronger point against Cardinal Fesch is his suppression of the emperor's genuine letters, and the substitution of forged ones. But a forgery skilful enough to deceive a mother, may perhaps also have deceived an uncle. The direct evidence of the cardinal's guilt is not, perhaps, strong enough to convince any one who wishes not to be convinced. It rests mainly on the monstrous absurdity of the fable, and the unquestionable fact that the papal court had made him its willing and unscrupulous agent. The Emperor Napoleon was not, however, a man over whose wrongs it is possible to be sentimental. He

had, indeed, loaded his family with undeserved wealth and titles; but his step-children seem to have been the only members of it for whom he felt any real affection. The brothers whom he elevated or degraded into kings were made to feel themselves the tools of a master. And, happily, it is the characteristic of the human mind to feel little gratitude for favors which are not the spontaneous manifestation of affection, but a wearisome burden, conferred because the rank of one's relations must bear some proportion to one's own. Besides, the relations of Napoleon always had to pay the price of their elevation in the most abject submission to his will. But, from first to last, Cardinal Fesch never would pay the price. An archbishop and a cardinal cannot be degraded like a king or a grand duke. He has not, therefore, even this poor excuse for biting at the hand which had fed him; and the situation of the emperor might have moved the pity even of callous and worldly dispositions. To that restless and unscrupulous intellect—to that "quick bosom" quiet would have been almost "a hell." Yet a man of the least nobleness of character would have been able to find "in some part of his soul a drop of patience." It is the inherent littleness of Napoleon; it is that which makes him so contemptible, which also makes him so pitiable. Yet his own near relative—a man who owed him

everything—could turn a deaf ear to his entreaties than the power whom it pleases the French people to denominate his gaolers. We now know that if he lacked a physician whom he trusted, and a secretary not too ignorant to understand his meaning, it is to his own uncle that the fault must be attributed, and that his uncle denied him even that poor solace at the bidding of Rome. What had a dignitary of the Church which has forbidden the domestic affections to her priests, to do with the kindly affections of relationship or even the ordinary charities of life? It was for him to obey the mandates of the papal government, though it had led him to mock the maternal yearnings of a weak woman with systematic lies and befool the credulity of a devotee with fabricated visions. It was for that government, after an interval of half a century, to surpass even the baseness of the cardinal whom it instructed. He only wronged his relative and benefactor. The papal government now, after half a century, when the part it had played was, as it hoped, forever forgotten, takes benefits from another Napoleon, whom it at the same moment leans upon and reviles, and whose gratitude it claims for ostensible favors conferred on those whom it was in reality persecuting with that cruelty which is the result of fear and hate.

A KING'S TREASURY.—An event which is not without interest has just taken place in Prussia. The house of Hohenzollern, which does not like to be caught unprovided, enjoys an institution which no longer exists among the nations of Europe, except as a remembrance of so distant a date that it is almost a fable. King William has a treasure, a real treasure, which has nothing to do with the budgetary equilibrium. His majesty takes pleasure in the possession of this sum, which he has increased during the last three years by more than 12,000,000*fr.* The Chamber, however, determined at last to penetrate into the mystery surrounding the existence of that prudent reserve. The necessity arose to satisfy, *volens volens*, that wish, and it is now known that the Prussian treasure amounted at the end of last year to the round sum of 61,000,000*fr.* The Chamber, unfortunately, was not content with having its curiosity satisfied; the Committee on the Budget warmly condemned an institution which represents an ancient custom entirely contrary to good economical principles,

and which withdraws from circulation, without any profit, a considerable and constantly increasing sum in specie.—*Berlin Bourse Gazette* [This is an ancient German practice. Famous Kaiser Max, though he was always in straits for money, never, says Cuspinian, allowed to be touched the gold, silver, and hereditary jewels left him by his ancestors, for they were the inheritance due to his heirs. Ferdinand, after his father's death, was amazed when he saw what was in the treasury.]

In a late Scotch paper appears the following curious correction of a reporter's error: "Sir—In your report of a meeting of the New Monkland Parochial Board in the *Advertiser* of Saturday last, you represent me to have said, 'We've all along had a very drunken set o' officials.' *Although true*, it's not what I said. I said, 'We've all along had a very drunken set o' paupers in our parish.' I am, sir, your obedient servant, Alex. Montgomery."

From The London Review, 21 June.

MARRIED MEN ON RAILWAYS.

A CURIOUS question with respect to railway travelling has been opened this week by a decision of the law courts. It is well known that with regard to the carriage of goods and passengers, railway companies are in the position of common carriers, who are for some purposes protected by Act of Parliament. In the case of goods, their liability is limited within certain reasonable bounds. A man is not allowed to conceal, except at his own risk, the value of the goods he entrusts to their care. Delicate or valuable articles must pay a proportionate premium on being booked. Certain kinds of merchandise should be declared and paid for at a different rate. A valuable racehorse either takes its chance as a common horse, or else its owner must contract at a higher price for an additional insurance in case of accidents. This is all fair and right enough. The company is obliged to take all goods that come to them, and to be responsible for their absolute safety on the road. It would be ruinous if they were not told beforehand what they were carrying; or if the difficulty and risk of transporting fragile and delicate wares was to be forced on them without some corresponding remuneration.

Railway companies do not stand to passengers in the same relation as that in which they stand to goods. Their risk is lighter, their responsibility is less. Goods, they are bound—as we have said—by common law to carry safely, the act of God alone excepted. Passengers they are only bound to carry carefully and skilfully. They are absolute insurers of goods. But each company only insures passengers against the distinct negligence of its own servants. Until Lord Campbell's Act there was another and a still more important difference. The insurance contract made with the passenger was personal to himself, and, in the event of a fatal accident, his family was left without a remedy. Lord Campbell's Act made a humane and salutary alteration in the law, and enabled the action which a sufferer might have brought on his own account if he had lived, to be brought after his death on behalf of his widow and his children. A decision has been this week given in the Queen's Bench, with respect to the damages the widow and children may in such cases recover under

this statute, which, from a legal point of view, is remarkable enough. It seems they may not only recover, under the Act, the damages which the sufferer might have recovered had he survived, but also damages on their own account for their pecuniary loss. They may be reimbursed, for instance, at the company's expense, for the loss of that reasonable prospect of provision and maintenance of which his premature fate has deprived them. If this be law, railway companies are in a singular dilemma. They are compelled to insure against the negligence of their officials all who wish to travel by rail, and to make, as it were, the contract not merely with the travellers themselves, but with their wives and children. The Briton who takes his return-ticket to Brighton on Easter Monday is henceforward in the comfortable position of a chattel, which the company undertakes to deliver back again to his family at night safe against all carelessness of its own.

There would be no harm in this if railway companies were permitted to decline to take anybody whose looks they did not like, or who was reported to them by the platform officials as wearing the suspicious appearance of a rich family man. Unfortunately for itself a company is not allowed to pick and choose. All who like to travel have a right to do so, and the guard has no business to interfere on the ground that the gentleman who is getting into the Down Express is too rich to go by anything except a slow train. When the clerk takes money for a fare, he is making a contract of insurance blindfold on behalf of his employers, in favor of the person's family to whom he hands the ticket across the counter. This is a very awkward situation for a well-meaning body of shareholders and directors suddenly to be placed in. If Baron Rothschild were a bale of silk, the insurers would have an extra premium for taking him. Baron Rothschild goes himself by train, and the company are obliged, without knowing it, and without a corresponding profit, to insure his valuable life for thousands. It is obvious that there are many people whose lives are of immense pecuniary value to their children and families. They pay nothing extra, but the railway incurs a considerable extra risk. Such is the working of Lord Campbell's Act, unless either the legislature or a Superior Court

interferes to modify the decision in *Pym v. The Great Northern Railway Company*.

The railway companies, if they are to be insurers, may naturally ask at least to be told what it is they are insuring. Is this the father of a family that they see before them, or is it not? Are they guaranteeing a bishop's venerable life, and all the prospects of ecclesiastical emolument which his younger sons and sons-in-law naturally enjoy; or are they guaranteeing simply a rural dean? In carrying Cæsar, are they carrying Cæsar and all his fortunes, or are they carrying the fortunes of a dozen little Cæsars besides? It is not fair that they should not know all particulars about their travellers beforehand. It is an awkward matter to have to carry rich people who have children. There are some dukes so wealthy that they ought to go in duke-boxes by themselves. If Caractacus is sent by rail, he has a special compartment for his peculiar use. Everybody, from the engine-driver upwards, is aware that the train which holds the horse that won the Derby must not be trifled with. No similar precautions are taken to preserve the precious life of—let us say—the Marquis of Westminster. He walks in, purchases his ticket just like anybody else; and the company will never be a whit the wiser until an accident happens in a tunnel, and the shareholders have to pay for injuring a millionaire. Surely the company have a right to complain of being kept in the dark in this way. They would be glad to put something additional on the ticket of so valuable a passenger. If all was open and above board, the distinguished nobleman, whose name we borrow for purposes of illustration, would be obliged by law to say at once to the superintendent of the station, "I am the Marquis of Westminster; I pay extra like a man; and I am to be kept with care, edge upwards." It might be the company's interest to give him a special train with extra buffers. Sooner than have anything like a really expensive accident, the Secretary of the Board would, perhaps, prefer to go down and attend to the switches on the dangerous parts of the line himself. Nor would it be easy to be over anxious even in the case of ordinary fathers of a family. Providing for little orphans is extremely expensive, and no Englishman has a right to sneak into a carriage in the mean disguise of a bachelor

who, by so doing, lets the company in for an expensive and disagreeable responsibility. Nobody, indeed, should be allowed a ticket who had not got his marriage settlement to show, or at least a certificate from the clergyman of his parish, to say that it would not make much difference to anybody if he was killed. Unless the present system is reformed, it will be almost impossible for any married man of delicacy and feeling to bring himself to enter a railway carriage. He will always be reproaching himself that he is exposing the company to risk of which they are not forewarned and for which they have not bargained. If they had known all, it would have been their duty to tell off a porter to look after him, to label him carefully, and to take him down the line with caution and by the most punctual trains. On what principle of justice are they bound to incur all kinds of pecuniary danger without any corresponding advantage? Locomotives are only meant for bachelors; and married people ought to pay double fares. Such must be the thoughts of every person of honor who belongs to the latter category, and probably all railway shareholders throughout the kingdom will agree with him.

The fact seems to be that companies are worse off in the case of passengers than they are in the case of goods. It is true that they only insure passengers against their own official negligence. But in the case of goods they are at least forewarned of the amount for which they insure; whereas they are compelled to insure passengers blindfold, and without having the faintest conception in many instances of the vast amount of their responsibility. It is all very well to say that the companies ought to have no mercy shown them in cases of negligence. This is a case not of negligence pure and simple, but of a contract of insurance against negligence. It is not as if a railway train went out of its way and ran a man down in Oxford Street. A railway is bound to take all passengers who apply at the railway station, and to make a certain bargain with them that they shall be taken care of on the journey. It might not pay the shareholders to make such bargains for the same sum with everybody, as it would certainly not pay them to make it for all kinds of goods. They ought to know at the time what agree-

ment is forced on them, and not to be told when an unhappy man is killed that his life was worth twenty thousand pounds to somebody of whom they have never heard. Hansom cabs, under Lord Campbell's Act, are exactly in the same condition as railways. When the Lord Mayor or a rich Alderman hails a Hansom, the Hansom is obliged by Act of Parliament to take him. Does the Hansom cabman know when he contracts to drive his illustrious fare that if he upsets or kills him through carelessness he may have to pay some ten or fifteen thousand pounds? He would naturally think it hard that he should not have been allowed to raise his prices for conveying so great a treasure; or at least have been given the option of refusing him. Railway companies are in the same position. When an accident happens, and it is too late, they discover they have been insuring the life of a Cæsus. This is not ordinary commercial fairness; and if it is good law it is very poor justice. The damages for breach of any contract ought in this, as in other matters, to be such as the parties might reasonably have contemplated when they made it. If, as it seems is the case, Lord Campbell's Act overrides this principle, Lord Campbell's Act should be amended. In order that its

working may be seen, our readers need only turn to the case of Pym v. The Great Northern Railway Company, reported this week. Mr. Pym was tenant for life of a settled estate in tail, valued at £4,000 a year. This estate was entailed upon his eldest son, a jointure of £1,000 being secured to his widow, and £20,000 to his younger children. Mr. Pym is killed in a railway accident occasioned by the negligence of the company's servants. It has been decided that the company are to pay £13,000 for the loss of social position inflicted by Mr. Pym's death on his family, and as a compensation for what it was possible he might have saved up and settled on his younger children out of his income. (!) It is evident that Law does not say, like Philosophy, *hypotheses non fingo*. Mr. Pym's younger children may congratulate themselves on having got a good deal in return for a very questionable and shaky contingency. With the utmost sympathy for the bereaved family, it must be confessed that the railway company little dreamt for what sum they were insuring Mr. Pym's life when they sold him his railway ticket. Railway companies often get more than bare justice from the Legislature, but on this occasion they seem to be in danger of getting less.

UNCONSCIOUS PLAGIARISM.—Sir Walter Scott's couplet, so familiar to us all,

"E'en the light harebell raised its head
Elastic from her airy tread,"

most probably derived its parentage from the following of Ben Jonson:

"For other print her airy step ne'er left;
Her treading would not bend a blade of grass."

Æglamônè, in The Sad Shepherd.

—Notes and Queries.

M. F.

GHOST STORIES.—In the numerous stories of persons appearing at the time of their death to friends separated from them by distance, has the difference of the hour ever been taken into account? I think not; yet a person dying at noon in England, would, if his spirit instantly visited his friend, appear at New York about 7 A.M.

W. F.

—Notes and Queries.

"TO WIT."—What is the derivation of the expression "To wit," used so frequently by the writers of the Elizabethan period, and in legal forms at the present day? "CONSTANTINE."

"To wit," in the sense of "that is to say," is from the Gothic and Ang.-Sax. *witan*, and means literally "to know." It accordingly corresponds with the French *savoir* (to know), which is used much as we use "to wit;" e.g. "France is divided into four basins, *savoir* (to wit), the basin of the Seine," &c.]

—Notes and Queries.

NEGRO SERVANTS.—"The practice of importing Negro servants is said to be already a grievance that requires a remedy, and yet it is every day encouraged; inasmuch, that the number in this metropolis only is supposed to be near 20,000."—*Genl's Mag.*, Oct. 1764, vol. xxxiv., p. 493.

Is this statement confirmed, or is it an exaggeration?

N. B.

—Notes and Queries.